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Western Home Monthly



Winnipeg,
June, 1904

Rockefeller's Life Story.

The best man in the United States is, undoubtedly, John D. Rockefeller. He has had a career which rivals the most romantic tales of contemporary fiction.

Not long since, he told how he used to sleep under the roof, where he could hear the rain and through which he could see the sky.

"I had a hard struggle to get a foothold," he said. "My father was able to attend to the little farm himself, and it thus happened that I spent several summers away from home. For the greater part of this time I lived the life of a newsboy. I sold papers from early morning till late at night. A few years of this sort of life developed me into a sturdy youth, capable of hard work, and ambitious to better my condition. This was my beginning.

As a boy just out of school, I found myself looking for a situation. Early in life I walked all over town in an attempt to find something to do. I visited every railroad office, every store, and, in fact, every place in the city where I thought I could find employment. Everywhere I met with discouragement until I found one man, God bless him, who took me into his office and gave me work, and that man was H. B. Tuttle.

"A few years later I started a little business of my own with a partner. In a short time came a crisis in our affairs, and it was necessary for our young firm, which was beginning to branch out, to raise more money. I remembered my friends and acquaintances, and called on them, one after another. Many expressed the most profound interest in our firm, but that's all.

"Just at this critical moment I thought me to try the bankers, and finally visited the office of a dear friend of mine—He is a friend of all,—I mean Mr. T. P. Handy. We all reverence Mr. Handy, and I have particular reason to be grateful to him. He asked me how I proposed to conduct my business and how much money I wanted. Gentlemen, it was an enormous sum, and I scarcely dared to name it to him; it was two thousand dollars. 'All right, Mr. Rockefeller, you can have the money,' said Mr. Handy; and, as I went out of that bank, full of hope, I stood up straight and erect, as I then considered myself one of the business men of Cleveland, you know."

He then read from a little yellow-covered book which was his ledger in boyhood. "I place great value on this little book," he said. "I have not seen it before for twenty-five years, but you could not buy it for all the modern ledgers in New York and

what they would bring in. It reports what I received and paid out for several years. Here is an item: 'Income from December 26, 1855, to January 26, 1856, \$50; and I lived within my income! Out of that I paid my washer-woman, my board, and saved a little and put it away. I see that I paid in the Sunday school one cent, which was all I could afford. I was as independent in those days as Mr. Astor. I remember the clothes I bought;—not fashionable, but cheap and good.

"My clothing from November, 1855, to November, 1856, cost me just nine dollars and nine cents. Here are some bits of extravagance which had escaped my memory: 'One pair of gloves, \$2. Mittens, three shillings. Gave away \$5.58. Missionary cause, November 25, fifteen cents. Ministerial student, ten cents. Night society,

seventy-five cents. Sabbath school, five cents. Present to Sunday school superintendent, twenty-five cents.' I was living in Cleveland then; I must have felt sorry for New York, for here is an item, 'Five Points Mission, twelve cents.'

"All these little things helped me to get into sympathy with many undertakings, both religious and philanthropic. My opinion is that no man can trust himself to wait until he is charitable; he must give away some money continually.

"Get all the money you can; get it fairly and justly, and then give away all you can."

This man, whose clothes cost him nine dollars a year, has given \$7,000,000 to Chicago University, and his other charities are so large that he employs a man on a large salary to look after them.

"What is success?" asks Mr. Rockefeller. "Is it to get money? Is that success? Who is the poorest man in the world to-day? The poorest man I know is the man who has nothing but money, nothing else in the world but money,—only money.

"If some young men are easily discouraged, I hope they may gain encouragement and strength from my story. It is a long, rough road at first; but, like the ship on the ocean, you must lay your course for the place where you hope to land, and take advantage of all favoring circumstances. You must begin at the foot of the ladder and work your way up."—F. P. Herald.

Many bad men expect that a good wife will get them into heaven just as she kept them out of jail.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone.



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- 777 Navajo.....Harry Macdonough
One of the most popular hits of the season.
- 794 Navajo.....Robert Price
As sung by Miss Marie Cahill.
- 801 Plain Mamie O'Hooley.....Robert Price
(Probably related to the above "Daisy.")
- 796 Susan Van Doosan.....Robert Price
To hear it is to buy it.
- 778 Sweetest flower that Grows in Tennessee.....Joseph Natus
One of the latest successes.
- 779 Who Who Who Hulahan.....Dan W. Quinn
An Irish Success.

VOCAL DUET

- 772 Under the Anheuser Bush.....Collins and Harlan
These gentlemen tell of the happy times under this celebrated "bush."

BAND RECORD

- 780 Sylvia Ballet.....Sousa's Band
A New Record of an Old Favorite.

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A New Intermezzo of the popular order.
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This makes a fine Two-step—by the composer of "The Colored Major."

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Of the "Red Feather" Company.
- 5670 Always in the Way.....Joseph Natus
A Charming Child Ballad.
- 5684 Good Bye 'Liza Jane.....Robert Price
A New "Coon" Song.
- 5674 I'm on the Water Wagon Now.....Billy Murray
The Hit of "The Office Boy."
- 5686 Maid of the Phillipine Islands (Floradora).....Miss Greta Risley of the Floradora Company.
- 5671 Man in the Overalls, The.....Joseph Natus
Dedicated to the Working Man.
- 5672 Navajo.....Harry Macdonough
The Latest Indian Melody.
- 5679 Navajo.....Robert Price
Made in Montreal—Try it.
- 5673 Sweetest Flower that Grows in Tennessee.....Joseph Natus
A beautiful ballad.
- 5675 Who Who Who Hulahan.....Dan W. Quinn
An Irish Hit.

VOCAL DUET

- 5676 Under the Anheuser Bush.....Collins and Harlan

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- 5134 Goo Goo Ryes Polka.....Grenadier Guards Band
- 5683 Love's Old Sweet Song (Cornet Solo by Herbert L. Clarke).....Clarke's Providence Band
- 5682 Mexican Serenade.....Sousa's Band
- 5680 Polka Rapide.....Grenadier Guards Band
- 5677 Sylvia Ballet.....Sousa's Band
- 5681 Violetta Polka.....Guards Band

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- 5678 Clancy's Prize Waltz Contest.....Len Spencer and Orchestra
A lively record, descriptive of a Bowery dancing contest. Mr. Spencer excels in his portrayal of the East Side tough.

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THE Great Remedy

That wonderful preparation of the 7 Monks called

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When writing, please mention this paper.

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The Tide of Fortune.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Horace DeGree.

It is only during the last decade that ranching has grown to be a large and wide-spread industry in our Northwest. The earlier ones who tried it as a means of earning a livelihood, did so more or less as a venture. Their success, notwithstanding many reverses, showed thoughtful men that the subject warranted consideration, and the present large proportions of the industry gradually resulted.

Jack Watson was one of those who, journeying through the fertile but then comparatively uninhabited Territories, determined to cast his fortune with a rancher who had an excellent location and had bright prospects, and to make himself rich by the new industry. With his money and

help given to the rancher, their joint fortunes soon prospered to such an extent that Jack bought his partner out, and the latter went back to England, a rich man.

After this, Jack conducted his business on a large and comprehensive scale, and was rapidly on the way to high prosperity, when I went to visit and shoot with him one fall. I had received his invitation a month before, but had been prevented from starting for some time.

I stepped off the train to the platform of the small country station about five o'clock, and tramped six miles across crackling grass and stubble to Jack's ranch. He and his pretty little wife were just starting

a late supper when I arrived. I received a hearty welcome from them both, and soon was made to feel as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

It was not long, however, before I noticed that something was amiss in the house. Not any difference between Jack and Mary, they were just what they ought to be to each other, but I noticed a certain pre-occupation in the manner of both, which led me to believe something was not right. I was not long left in suspense, for after Mary had gone to bed, and we sat over our pipes, Jack communicated to me, as an old friend, that he had had severe financial reverses. A queer kind of disease had swept through his herds and wrought such frightful damage that these, his only means of making money, were nearly totally destroyed. The result was that he had had much anxiety lately, and had thought of borrowing money. He had a horror of such methods, however, and received my offers with firm refusal.

"In a year or two I shall be on my feet again," concluded Jack, "and in

the meantime, while you are here, Tom, please don't mention the matter again. It worries Mary, and anyway, I want you to have a good time, so don't talk about anything that will make me forget my duties as host."

I promised my friend that I would say no more on the subject, but after I went to bed, I lay a long time thinking. I was very sorry Jack had refused my offers of aid. I could easily have lent or given him enough money to more than cover his losses and enable him to fully replace his herds. But I knew Jack of old. He was the most independent fellow in the world, and would not have accepted a cent from his best friend if he were starving. But as I thought how true a friend he had been to me, standing by me through everything, I felt, as I said, genuinely sorry that he would not allow me to help him.

The next morning I informed Jack that I had forgotten to attend to an important business matter, and that I would go to town and telegraph to Winnipeg to have it set right. Jack insisted I should take a horse and rig.



THE STRANDED HAT.

went to town, sent my telegram, and returned.

Jack was not very busy at this time of the year, so we had some splendid hunting, as the geese, chickens and ducks were plentiful. At the end of the week I went to town again, and got the mail.

The next day Jack told me that he had to ride about forty miles to see another rancher on business, and inquired whether I wished to accompany him. I declined, but shortly after he had left I told Mary I would take a buckboard and horse and go on a couple of days expedition to Swan Creek, a stream about twenty miles distant. As I had been there formerly, she manifested no surprise, and soon I was off with two days' provisions, my gun and rig.

I drove all day, and near night came to a wooded, rocky glen, where was produced in miniature some of the finest scenery I had ever seen. I tethered my horse, and fixed up a sort of camp, with a bed under my rig. The night I spent, partly in sleep, and

ing the skill of our respective weapons on various marks.

Suddenly I noticed a large soft lime stone deeply imbedded in the ground in a bunch of bushes. I suggested that we try a shot apiece at it from one hundred yards. I fired first, and Jack, going under the bushes, announced that there were thirty-seven shot-marks on it. Then he walked around and took a shot from the other side, making, curiously enough, thirty-seven marks.

"I guess the stone must possess a limited magnetic attraction," I remarked, shoving the stone with my foot. It moved slightly.

"Hello, you must have lots of strength, even though you are a city chap," said Jack. "Can you roll it up?"

I tried it, and after a hard strain, rolled it out of its deep resting place. As I did so, Jack gave a sudden exclamation and dug with his fingers in the soft black earth. In a moment he drew out an old, rust-eaten tin can. "Sealed up, by Jove," remarked

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH HAS NO EQUAL

through the centre. There were several places marked, showing that the location of the place was forty miles west of Dawson's ranch. A heavy cross, with a word which looked like "money" beside it, evidently showed the place where the mysterious treasure lay buried. It was described as "20 paces in a straight line between big oak and split in rock."

Jack was wildly excited over the find. Eagerly he told me that Dawson's ranch formerly occupied the position where Washtown now stood, and that he was sure he knew the very valley referred to.

All thoughts of hunting were abandoned. We quickly retraced our

spring into existence. There was no railway then, and the only mode of travelling was to follow the beaten "trail" with horses. A journey of one hundred miles was a common thing in those days. Now, this fellow, Haskins, I suppose, made his money in those days of pioneer ranching, and preferred to bury it, rather than to take it with him. He says he was an old man, and maybe he thought the country as full of dangers as when he first came into it. Or maybe,—but pshaw! what's the use of advancing theories? They may all be wrong."

Jack kept on theorizing most of the afternoon, nevertheless, and succeeded in keeping as far away from the



MORDEN CAMP AT LAKE KILLARNEY.

partly in smoking to keep the mosquitoes away. Early in the morning I started off up the glen, to the wildest part of it, and here I spent most of the morning. I got no game, however, and, after eating a meal about ten o'clock, started for home.

I drove up to Jack's house about dark and found him in great spirits. He had had a splendid day's shooting, and, as he was an ardent sportsman, was immensely gratified. When I reported having shot nothing, he expressed his surprise, as he thought the shooting was good at Swan Creek. But he thought, I suppose, that I would not like to be chaffed about my want of success, and so said nothing more about it.

Several days of pretty good sport followed this, and I think I showed Jack I could shoot a little, notwithstanding my empty game-bag of a few days before.

One fine, bright morning we set out for our usual walk to the lake, and, being in unusually good spirits, amused ourselves on the way by test-

Jack, rather excitedly, "Wonder what's in it! must be something; couldn't get in that out-of-the-way hole itself."

So saying, he pulled out his knife, and, regardless of the effect on it, cut off the top of the can. With an exclamation of satisfaction, he next drew out a long roll of withered, yellow paper. He hastily unrolled this, and spread it out on the top of the stone. Bending over it eagerly, we saw that it was a rude map, with underneath some writing in a queer cramped hand. Some of the words were blurred, but we made out the following:

"If I never come back to the place where all — is buried — may die, am old and weak — finder can use same and welcome — won't be any good to me.—John Haskins.

The letter had been written in haste, evidently, with a piece of stick and a blackish decoction for ink. The map showed a valley covered with rocks and trees, with a stream running

steps homeward, and informed Mary of the discovery we had made. She was nearly as excited as we were, but was sensible enough to make Jack wait till morning before we started off, as it was now noon.

Jack reluctantly consented to her plan, but all the afternoon went around excitedly, fixing up the wagon, looking at the harness, and putting axes, shovels and all kinds of things in the wagon in preparation.

I did not share Jack's excitement, and was inclined to chaff him for his wild enthusiasm.

"I can't help it, Tom," he replied to my bandinage, "Think of that money lying there for so many years, maybe a fortune, and to think that Providence has directed us to find it, when I, for one am in most need of it."

"It is certainly remarkable how these things coincide," I replied.

"In the old days," Jack said, "many people made fortunes on the prairie. When I came here, ten years ago, old man Dawson was still alive, and Washtown had only just begun to

truth as ever, probably.

We went to bed early, and about five o'clock Jack awakened me. I protested against getting up, but with laughing force he dragged me out of bed and made me dress.

"Why man," he said, "this is the day we are to make our fortunes. Come and get some breakfast, and we will be off at daylight. We have a drive of over thirty miles, and we may have some difficulty in finding the spot, so it is best to start early."

I said no more, but followed him to where Mary had prepared a hearty breakfast for us. Poor little woman! she was almost as excited as Jack; she knew what a godsend the treasure would be to Jack. Jack had told me something of the visit planned for Christmas, and the delaying of it, he had feared, till another year or so.

It is no wonder, then, that as we drove off, with Mary standing watching us from the doorway, we should be filled with a determination to find and return with the treasure, at all costs.

We took a cut across country for several miles, and then took the trail straight west from Washtown. We went along at a brisk pace, Jack driving rather too fast, so anxious was he to see the termination of our adventure. It was hardly dawn yet, but we bumped along in our light wagon till about eight o'clock, when I insisted on stopping and giving the horses a feed and a rest, for the road had been none of the best, and the poor beasts were badly blown.

It was very reluctantly that Jack consented to this arrangement, but he saw the wisdom in not knocking the horses up at the outset, and finally consented. We hobbled the animals and turned them loose to feed, while Jack and I smoked our pipes in a grove of trees for an hour. Jack would not hear of a longer rest, so we hitched up and started off.

After a long ride over the somewhat rough road, we came to a place where the road turned, and it became necessary to leave it and travel over the prairie. There were only several miles left to traverse, however, and the plain was by no means bad for travelling. All that was necessary was to keep clear of the numerous badger and gopher holes.

Suddenly we drove over the brow of a hill, and as we did so, Jack said, "Do you see that clump of trees half a mile ahead? Well, that's our destination, or I am mistaken. It is the only glen around these parts, and there are very few wooded valleys anywhere on the prairie."

We drove smartly along, and finally drew up in a bunch of trees on the edge of the declivity. Here we tied our horses, and, shouldering our shovels, struck up the glen. After we had gone some distance we thought we recognized some of the landmarks. Jack pulled out the map and began to compare it with the surroundings.

"By Jove, we're right!" he exclaimed after a moment's scrutiny. "There is the spring mentioned in the map, and there is the narrow part of the valley with the three big stones. Two hundred yards further up we should find our big oak and the cleft in the rock." He strode forward eagerly, at such a pace that I found it difficult to keep up with him. Suddenly we emerged from some trees out into an open spot, and as we did so, we both drew back simultaneously.

There in front of us, near a big oak tree, were several men in the uniforms of mounted police. This was not what startled us,—it was common enough to see them,—but the fact that they were digging struck us both with sudden dismay.

"They have found the treasure," groaned Jack, "and they have the prior claim, so we are out of it."

"Hold on Jack," I said, "you forget about the paper; you have the map. How could they find the place?"

"Old Haskins may have had two maps hidden, in case he came back and found one destroyed. And there is nothing more likely than that these fellows, who are all over the country, should find it."

"Nonsense!" I replied, "Couldn't Haskins remember where he buried his money? Besides," I continued, looking eagerly up the valley, "there is the cleft in that big rock up the side of the valley right ahead of us. The treasure must have been buried straight between us and that cleft, while those fellows are digging over to the right of the oak tree."

Jack brightened up with renewed hope, and suggested that we bury our shovels in the shrubbery and speak to the police. We hid our shovels and started boldly forward. Several men were working at a hole, while one man stood by seeming to be in command of the others. A bundle of something lay on the ground.

As we approached one of the men apparently noticed us and spoke to the leader. He turned around and Jack said:

"It's Captain Hemming; I know him well."

"Good-day, Mr. Watson," said the captain. "Are you travelling by here?"

"Yes, just stopped to see if we

could find some place to have dinner, when we saw you. We left our horses tied up in the trees. What are you doing in that hole?"

"Making a last resting place for that beggar," answered the captain, pointing to the bundle on the ground, which we now saw was the body of a man, covered with a coat. "He is the worst thief in these parts, and about a week ago killed one of our men who was arresting him. We have had a long chase after him, and we only caught sight of him this morning. He gave us a hot run, and kept up a running fire all the time. He hit Jackson, there, in the arm, and my horse has got a bullet in his flank. The orders were, 'dead or alive,' so I let the boys pop away, seeing he had one of the best horses in the country, and was likely to escape us altogether. We thought we had missed him, when suddenly he tumbled over, head first. It's over a hundred miles back to the station, and there is no reward for his capture, so I am burying him here. Put him in, boys." As the men threw the body in, we all took off our caps, and the captain, who was not a bad fellow, said solemnly, "May God be merciful to you."

Then the dirt was thrown in, and the captain and his men, mounting their horses, said good-bye and rode off.

We waited for no more. I ran back after the shovels, and found Jack standing motionless when I returned. "Here's the spot," he cried. "Twenty paces from the tree, in a dead line with the crevice. Face it and see."

"Correct," said I, doing so.

"Then, let us dig," Jack said. "I would have been mighty interested in that yarn of the captain's at any other time, for I like to see the country rid of such blackguards, but all the time he was telling it, I was on nettles; I was anxious to get to work."

Under our two shovels the loose soil was rapidly dug up, and it was not twenty minutes before Jack's shovel gave forth a metallic sound. With wild haste he dug away, and a good-sized, iron-bound box stood revealed. With his shovel Jack knocked the iron away, and pried the lid off. Then he gave a shout of exultation, for the box was filled to the brim with bright silver coins. Notwithstanding the proximity of death, he danced as pretty a hornpipe as I have ever seen, and then tumbled the whole contents out on his coat and proceeded to count. He insisted that I should help him. It took us an hour before we had finished. We found that our treasure amounted to a trifle over two thousand dollars.

With joyful alacrity Jack nailed the box up again, and we carried it to the

wagon. We ate a lunch on the way home, and gave a cheer outside the house about nine o'clock. Mary came quickly to the door, and we carried our treasure into the house. I took the horses away to the barn, and left Jack and Mary to rejoice together.

That night we had a talk on the matter, and Jack insisted that I should take my share of the treasure. But I refused so stoutly, claiming that I already had more money than I needed, that my friend gave in, and reluctantly consented to keep the whole of it.

Important business called me back to the city next day, and my holiday was over. About a week after my return, I received the following letter from Jack:

"You hanged old humbug! I was so crazy about our find that it was not until yesterday that I discovered that the coins were dated quite recently. I also noticed that some iron straps had been taken off the back of my oat-box in the stable, and I found that the box that the money was in was nailed with new nails, although rather rusty. The map I found had been soaked in some stuff to make it look old, and then I remembered that solitary trip you took, while I was away, to Swan Creek, the time you did not shoot anything. And then I came to the conclusion



"Little Mistress Sans Merci,
Famed world-wide, fancy free."—Eugene Field.

that I had been taken in and badly fooled by you. Unfortunately, I have already spent most of the money in buying cattle, or I would send every cent back to you. I never felt so small in my life as when I found how completely I had been outwitted, and I would like to punch your head. You are the best fellow in the world, Tom, but I will be sure to pay back every cent in a year or two."

In reply I reminded my friend of a certain eight hundred he had let me have, to commence business, and a few other things, and wound up by

saying that I would come out and shoot him if I ever got a cent from him.

Last week, however, I received a check for five hundred dollars, and Jack tells me I shall have to take it. He says he is on his feet now as good as ever, and that he is in a fair way to become rich.

I have never regretted that my little scheme worked, for I have had an enormous amount of real estate to deal with from around Washtown, and I know pretty well who is at the bottom of every deal.

found their way into the Kattspaw stores than Wiggins purchased them for the amusement and pastime of the family, consisting of himself, his wife and Willie and Flossie Wiggins, aged nine and ten respectively.

No one was in the least surprised, then, at Wiggins when one day he was seen seated in a motor-car and spinning around the town in company with Mr. Bland, the agent for the firm of Twelpecent & Co., implement dealers.

A few days before Mr. Bland had received into stock two motors "on spec," as he termed it.

These two, provided they found a ready sale, were to be followed by others.

As he was fitting them up in his warehouse for show, in walked Wiggins, who, of course, became greatly interested in the machines and asked innumerable questions concerning them; and when Bland, foreseeing a possible customer, in his suave manner, invited him to take a ride around town in one of them, Wiggins was greatly elated.

"Just the machine you should have, Mr. Wiggins," persuaded the worthy agent, "far ahead of horse-flesh, you know. In a few more years horses will

Wiggins' Motor Car.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by John E. Hargreaves.

Old Wiggins was reputed to be the most successful and up-to-date farmer in the whole municipality of Kattspaw.

He could sign his name to a larger

was put on the market Wiggins was bound to try it.

New-fangled plows, binders or cream separators all had a test of their good



THE GOLDEN ROD GIRL.

cheque than any other person around. At least so the gossips said, and they pretended to know.

Certain it was that, no matter what new style of labor-saving machinery

qualities, or bad, at his hands.

He did not draw the line at farm machinery, pure and simple, either, for bicycles, gramophones, or any other pleasure-giving commodity no sooner

be quite a curiosity. Besides, up-to-date, practical men like yourself cannot afford to spend the time you do coming to town behind a horse. With this motor you can cover the eight miles

CERTAIN

CURE FOR

HEADACHE

No matter from what cause or how severe,

OUR HEADACHE WAFERS

give instant relief. No morphine or other harmful narcotics.

Send 10 cents in stamps for 4 cures, or 25 cents for 12, and we will mail them direct to your address.

JURY & GREGORY, Druggists,
COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

from your place to town here in ten minutes quite easily when you get a little practice and understand the mechanism."

Wiggins fairly gasped here and exclaimed, in surprise, "Say, do you mean to tell me that I can come from home to town in ten minutes?"

"I do, Mr. Wiggins, and anyone who knows anything about these cars will bear out what I say."

"Wonderful! wonderful! I wouldn't have thought it," ejaculated Wiggins.

They were in the car by this time and whirling round town, greeted on every hand by the shouts of astonished children, the barks of a hundred or more dogs, and the curses of every teamster they met in their course.

"Say," said Wiggins, when they alighted at the warehouse, "I'll take one of them machines if you'll put me in the way of running 'em. They cost a heap of money, but I guess William Wiggins can afford it."

"Shall only be too pleased, Mr. Wiggins, to oblige you. You can take the motor on trial for a couple of weeks and see how you like it. Come in tomorrow, and the next day, and I'll take you out in the country and let you steer yourself part of the time till you get into the way of it."

And so they parted, Mr. Bland rubbing his hands gleefully at making such a ready sale, and mentally totting up the amount of his commission on the same; whilst his would-be customer, so full of excitement that he scarcely knew what he was about, beat his horse unmercifully in his haste to reach home and inform Mrs. Wiggins of his new experience.

If Wiggins proposed doing, or buying, anything out of the ordinary channel, and which conduced to their own aggrandizement, to the discomfort of their less wealthy neighbors, he could always depend on having a good second in the person of his wife and helpmeet.

Therefore, when he arrived home with the news of his new venture Mrs. Wiggins had not the slightest opposition to make, but looked upon his proposed purchase with great favor.

She remarked, however, that "I'm quite sure I could steer the thing without running to town every day for a week to take lessons from Mr. Bland."

As to whether he thought she was capable of doing so or not Wiggins wisely kept his own counsel.

He only replied that "you wouldn't be a woman if you didn't think something like that."

He went out in the car for several days with Mr. Bland, who made him a present of the latest style in motor cap and goggles, these latter being as large as five o'clock tea cups.

The agent informed him that Twelpecent & Co. presented these articles to anyone who purchased one of their automobiles.

Wiggins was greatly elated at receiving these—nothing pleased him more than to obtain anything gratis, and forthwith adorned himself with both cap and glasses. He had been wearing his fur coat during his motor rides, not through reason of finding it a necessity so much as Bland telling him all true chauffeurs made a practice of doing so.

Being blessed by nature with a superabundance of flesh and his fur coat rather adding to than taking from his corpulent appearance, he cut a grotesque figure at any time; but when finally he succeeded in fixing the goggles over his eyes and pulled the cap with its prominent peak well down over

them, his appearance became most ludicrous.

Even Mr. Bland was evidently amused, for he hastily turned his head away and coughed a forced cough in his hand to endeavor to suppress the smile which would persist in coming over his face.

At last the day came round when the agent pronounced his pupil efficient in the art of motoring.

Wiggins, to prove to everyone that he could manage the automobile, proposed taking it home that day, which

n't have so far to shove the thing home," as old Wiggins remarked. The car, however, behaved splendidly, submitting to the will of its proprietor as though he were the most experienced of chauffeurs.

Highly delighted with his success, he proposed to his wife that she should take a trip into town on the morrow "just to show Bland and everyone how well we are progressing in motoring."

Mrs. Wiggins, of course, readily acquiesced and straightway went to see that her best dress was in readiness

one of the younger members of the group, a boy about his own age, who would persist in feeling the hardness of the tyres, thereby contaminating them, to Willie's idea, when the begoggled figure of Wiggins, followed by his wife, appeared on the scene.

A general snicker passed round the group at sight of Wiggins motor garb and several of the smaller boys were rude enough to laugh outright; but the chauffeur and his wife evidently did not hear, or, hearing, did not heed the merriment they were creating, for

the car, with great vibrations, began to move. With a toot-toot from the horn, and a wave of his arm to the spectators, he pulled the lever again and the automobile bounded forward along the road with increased speed.

The group watched the rapid moving car until the dust hid it from sight, and then turned their steps homewards. Some of them, shaking their heads, wisely prophesied misfortune to their enterprising neighbor, whilst others passed some very unmannerly remarks on Wiggins's appearance in motoring dress.

Meanwhile, the motorists whizzed serenely along on their way to Kattspawe. Mrs. Wiggins, with great relish, picturing to herself the sensation their entry into town would cause; whilst her husband had repeatedly to turn his head, making sure beforehand that the road was clear, and order the youngsters, who could not resist, in the exuberance of spirits, from yelling at the top of their voices, to "shut up."

They had covered seven of the ten miles which lay between their home and town, the car rolling along in magnificent style and leaving nothing to be desired, when suddenly it stopped and almost precipitated the chauffeur and his wife over the front.

"Well, I'll be goldarned! What's the matter now, I wonder? Wiggins exclaimed, getting down and peering beneath the car.

"And I'll be jiggered!" ejaculated Mrs. Wiggins, leaning over and attempting to probe into the mysteries of the mechanism. "Seven miles from home and the thing won't budge."

"Guess I'll have to get under and try to find out what's wrong," Wiggins muttered, divesting himself of his coat and, lying prone on his back, wiggled himself under the car.

Evidently, to judge from the grunts, and an occasional "cuss word" which he relieved himself of, this was by no means an easy task to a person of Wiggins's proportions.

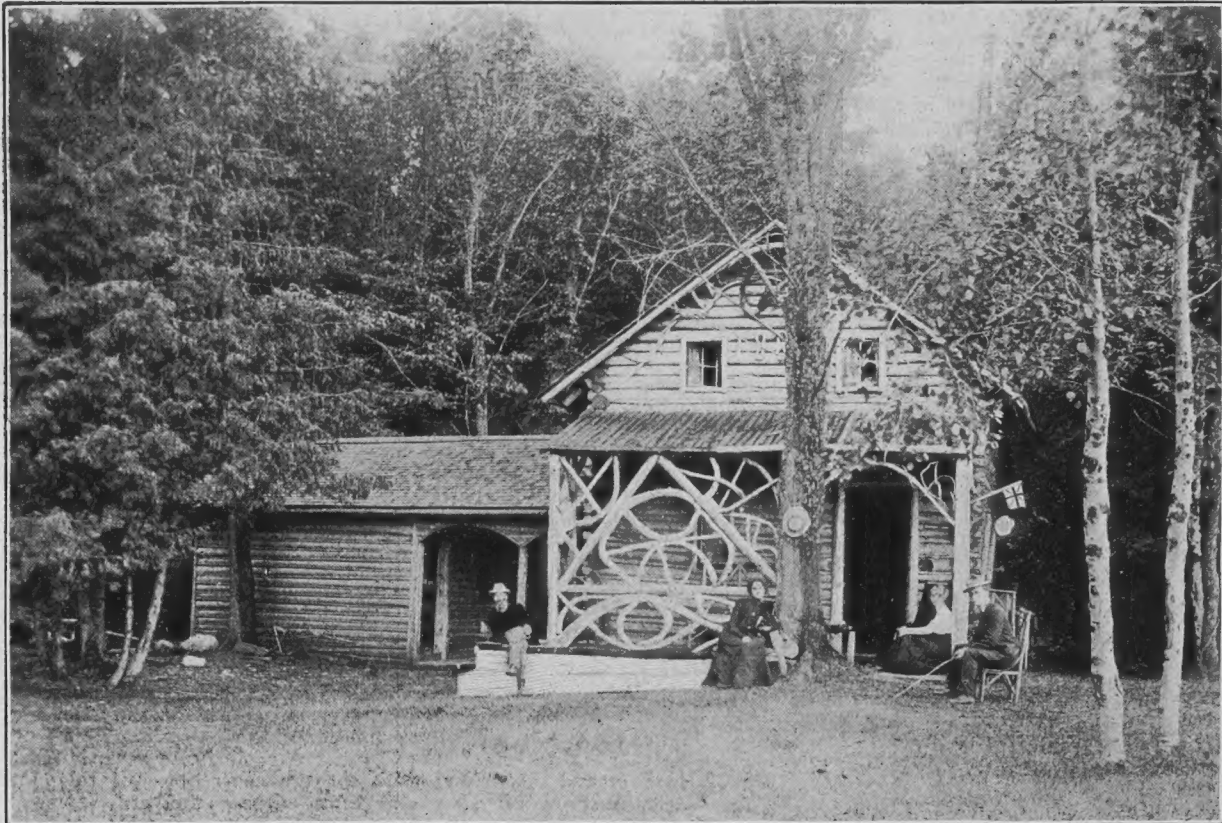
Half an hour passed and still the automobile stood in the same spot. Wiggins, with spanners, hammer, chisel, and what not, still lay flat on his back beneath the stubborn machine.

The other members of the family, not being of any help to the perspiring man underneath, still sat in the car.

The grunts and adjectives, particularly the latter, had increased, much to Mrs. Wiggins's horror and to the youngsters' amusement, who could not resist a giggle every time their father forgot himself.

All at once the car moved, whether Mrs. Wiggins's curiosity overcame her and she pulled the lever, will never be

Continued on Page 17.



A SUMMER COTTAGE AT SWARTHMORE ON THE GEORGIAN BAY.

he did without any mishap save running over two dogs and causing the runaway of two teams which he met on the road. Reaching home, he ran the car into the machine shed and went into the house, where the family sat at tea.

They all looked up as he entered, then, as he advanced more into the light of the room, Mrs. Wiggins gave vent to a loud shriek of terror and forthwith fainted away. Susan, the hired girl, Willie and Flossie, all joined in a prolonged howl of dismay and bolted upstairs.

Wiggins stood transfixed for a minute or two, being quite at a loss to account for this strange behavior on the part of his household. Then it gradually dawned on him that he was the cause of it all; that he had inadvertently walked into the bosom of his family dressed in a garb they had never before seen him in. Taking off the goggles, the chief cause of alarm, he shouted to the trio upstairs to descend. Then, with the help of Susan, brought his wife around to a state of consciousness.

As soon as she could speak, Mrs. Wiggins exclaimed: "Sakes alive! William, so it was you who came near to sending us all into fits through wearing such hideous things as them," pointing to the goggles lying on the table.

"It was, my dear," her husband replied, "but I quite forgot you had never seen such toggery before. Bland gave me them and he says that all motorists use them."

"And for why?" queried Mrs. Wiggins.

Her husband, here seeing that his questioner was forgetting her scare in her curiosity regarding the uses of goggles, diplomatically commenced a long discourse on motors and motoring. He enlarged on the subject so much that Mrs. Wiggins started to yawn and said "I guess I'll go to bed," which she did, having quite got over her fright.

For several days the Wiggins's confined their motor trials to the roads in the vicinity of their home "in case something went bogus and we would-

for the occasion.

Next day all was excitement in the farmstead in view of the journey to town.

A small party of near-by neighbors, getting wind of Wiggins's intention to "mote" to Kattspawe, had assembled around the car to see the start.

Flossie and Willie, dressed in their best, had seated themselves in the hind seat a good hour before their parents were ready.

Willie, to the amusement of the elder spectators, had been lauding the virtues of his father's new purchase and had almost succeeded in raising a fight with

Wiggins exclaimed as he mounted to his seat, his wife following suit with much fussiness and rustling of her silk dress: "Well, neighbors, and what do you think of my motor?"

"Nice thing to have, Mr. Wiggins," replied one of the company, "but a little before its time in this part, I guess."

"Not at all, to any one who understands it," said Wiggins. "I can get to town and back again before you could get half way there with the best horse you have. Just watch how nicely we go along."

So saying, he touched a lever and



A GLIMPSE OF THE BEACH AT SWARTHMORE, GEORGIAN BAY.

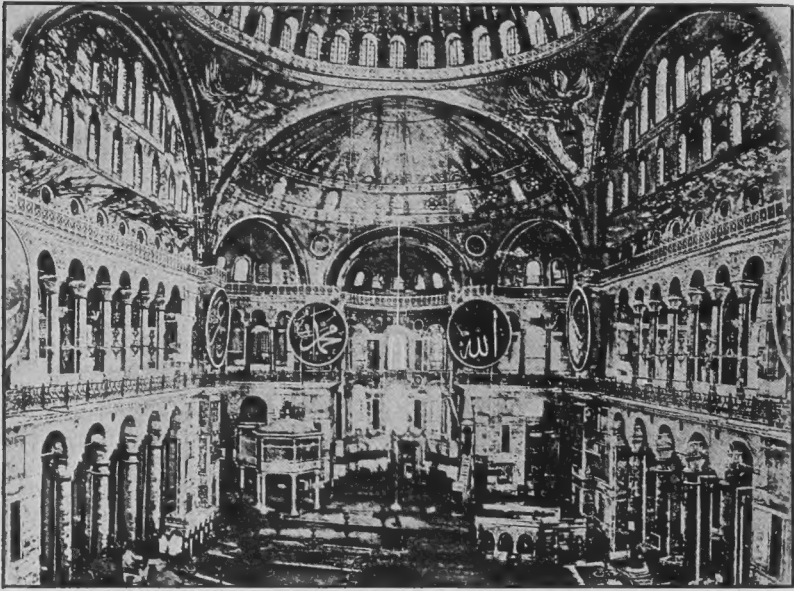
Jerusalem as I Saw It.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Julia A. Symington.

In order that the tourist may see Jerusalem as it is every day, and the sacred and historic places, let us enter the Jaffa Gate and go through its narrow and quaint streets. There are four gates in the walls: Damascus Gate on the north, St. Stephen's on the east, Zion Gate on the south, and Jaffa Gate on the west. According to oriental custom rubbish is thrown on the street, and after rain travelling on the street is dangerous, for if one steps on the smooth stones he naturally throws out his arms to save himself, and may come in too close proximity with whatever may be following. Probably a donkey laden with fruit, or a camel with stones, will be behind, and the chances are the

Dolorosa the street of our Austrian hospice, our hotel while in the city, extends eastward from its junction with Christian street passing under the arch of Ecce Homo and by the pool of Bethesda to St. Stephen's Gate. The modern streets of Jerusalem are from twenty to sixty feet above the level of those in the days of our Lord.

The city has often been laid in ruins and the feet of heathen soldiers defiled its holy places. These ruins have been levelled and a new city built on a higher site than the preceding one so that excavations made in any part of Jerusalem today reveal broken columns and richly carved capitals, and massive foundations of palaces, temples and



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

driver will return the blow with interest and an oath, and crush the unfortunate into the stone walls. On this street from Jaffa Gate are butcher shops, fruit shops and grain dealers, and along by the Tyropean are to be found Jews who can sell almost every article under the sun. If we turn to the left walk from the Jaffa Gate the traveller enters Christian street, which extends northward along the Christian quarter. Pilgrims buy wax candles for offerings in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, also frankincense and myrrh. Here also are the money changers. A small table stands on the street at the door. On it is a box in which are gold and silver coins. We were reminded of the days of our Lord, who found even in the Temple of Jehovah the avaricious changers of money and overthrew their tables. These modern representatives are as ready to take advantage of pilgrims and the strangers as were their ancestors, and we expect would gladly invade the holiest places of the Mosque of Omar with their little tables, but the fear of death is stronger than their love of gold, and so wisely ply their trade in the streets.

The shops of Jerusalem are generally small, and if the owner is a Mohammedan he smokes his mastaba; waiting, waiting for Allah to send a customer whom he may fleece. If he is a Greek or Syrian, he sits on a chair and waits for the same purpose. The shelves and floors are occupied with baskets of oranges, dates, rice and kharub pods, and occasionally we saw in the shops a few sacks of wheat and flour. The dry goods shops are much the same size, and contain silk from Damascus, coarse abyahs for the country people, and a stock of what looked like European cotton goods of the cheapest kind and with the most brilliant colors. Via

ancient walls. The houses of Jerusalem, except the churches and mosques, make no imposing appearance. The entrance is from the street into a court in which flowers, fragrant shrubs and occasionally an orange tree, are growing. There are rooms around the sides of the court and also upper rooms if the inmates are of the wealthier class of citizens. The walls are constructed of limestone of great thickness and plastered within. The roofs are flat, with an oval or round dome rising in the centre. Our first invitation to see any part of Jerusalem, after our seven o'clock dinner, was to come out on the roof by moonlight, beautifully bright, which we did, novel as it seemed to us occidentals, and looked for the first time as the orientals from earliest times have done upon their housetops. The Armenians today pray there, the Mohammedans with folded hands facing Mecca, and the Jew eagerly looking over into the area of the temple praying for the coming of Messiah to

deliver the city out of the hands of the gentile. There Peter saw the vision at Joppa, and there in the days of Jeremiah the people went alone to pour out their lamentations, and when the Israelites had sunk into idolatry they worshipped the hosts of heaven there. And what did the tourists do? might be asked with all this habit of religionists pressing upon our memories. Well, I confess for myself, only I was speechless, but I hope not thoughtless, as I leaned over the parapets all but paralyzed with astonishment, that my feet did indeed stand within thy wall, O Jerusalem, looking over into the very street that Christ walked carrying his cross. The human heart would be callous indeed to remain ungrateful for this privilege.

The water supply of the city is ample from its numerous fountains and cisterns. Almost every house has one or two cisterns in which water is kept pure and sweet. A small groove conveys the rain that falls on the flat roofs to a hole at one corner, from which a narrow pipe conducts it to the cistern beneath. Five minutes fast walking brings us to the upper Gihon from the Jaffa Gate. It is situated at the broad, shallow source of the valley of Hinnom, and receives the water from the gently sloping hills on the west. It is about 300 feet long, 200 feet broad and 25 feet deep. Stone steps lead down to it from one or two corners; the cement, nearly an inch in thickness, is perfect in a few places along the sides. They have the appearance of great antiquity. The road to Bethlehem crosses at the southern end of this fountain, while the aqueduct from the pools of Solomon pass along its western side, then sweep along the brow of Zion over the Tyropean to the temple area. It was near this spot that Solomon was anointed king, the news of which frightened Adonijah and forced him to the altar for safety. Farther down, near the junction of Hinnom and the valley of Jehoshaphat, is the Pool of Siloam. This is one of the few places about Jerusalem which have retained their scriptural names, and the blind man was probably sent here in our Lord's time, as seems most natural, to remove the clay from his eyes. The Pool of Siloam is 50 feet long, 18 feet broad and 19 feet deep. Desolation reigns about now. At times the water rises quickly and again recedes as rapidly; sometimes it is sweet, at other times bitter. This would be accounted for by the fact that the water from the Mosque of Omar might vary in the supply. A tradition was told us that the ignorant people believe that a dragon is in the fountain, and when he sleeps the water rises, but when he awakes he drinks so much that the water becomes low.

Frequently as we passed the women of Siloam were washing, while their lazy husbands were sleeping along the base of Ophel, or on the roofs of their houses. The washings are by no means elaborate, and occupy only a short time, for the wardrobe of the common people is the scantiest, and orientals dislike expending much labor even for the sake of cleanliness. The common people possess only one outer garment, which serves as an article of clothing in the daytime and a bed at night. The mother remains at home while the

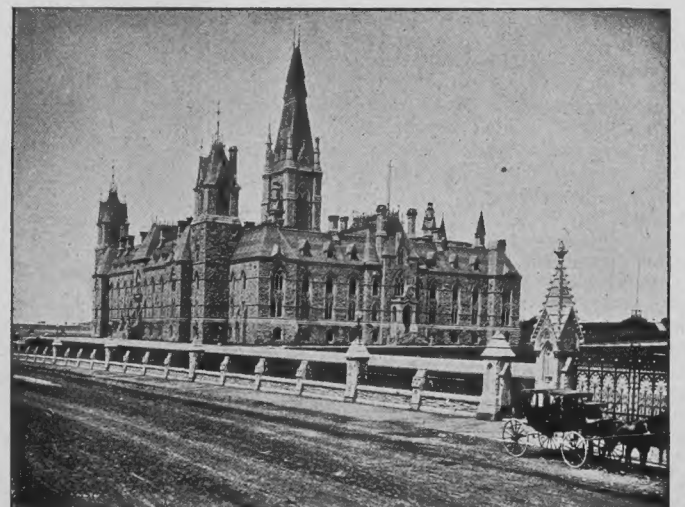
daughter washes her mother's wardrobe, and the daughter does the same in her turn while the mother performs this duty for her. I saw the "lords of creation" asleep at noonday near the Pool of Siloam, while the women were washing their abyahs. The gown is taken by one end and drawn a few times through the running water, after which it is spread out on a large, smooth stone. The women then sit down, as most of the mechanics do when working at their trade, and, taking a flat piece of wood about two feet long, six inches broad and one inch thick, they beat the gown with all their might. They swing it over their head like a miniature flail, and when the right arm is tired toss it with dexterity into the left. In a very short time the gown is washed without soap or washboard, hung up in the sun and in a few hours the owner may be seen threading his way through the market place, or in some mosque or church at his devotions. A few minutes' walk down the Kedron is En-rogel. It is a well 125 feet deep, lined with large stones. It is known as the "well of Nehemiah," and the "well of fire," from the tradition that fire from the altar in the temple was thrown into it at the time of the captivity.

Canada's Grain Exhibit.

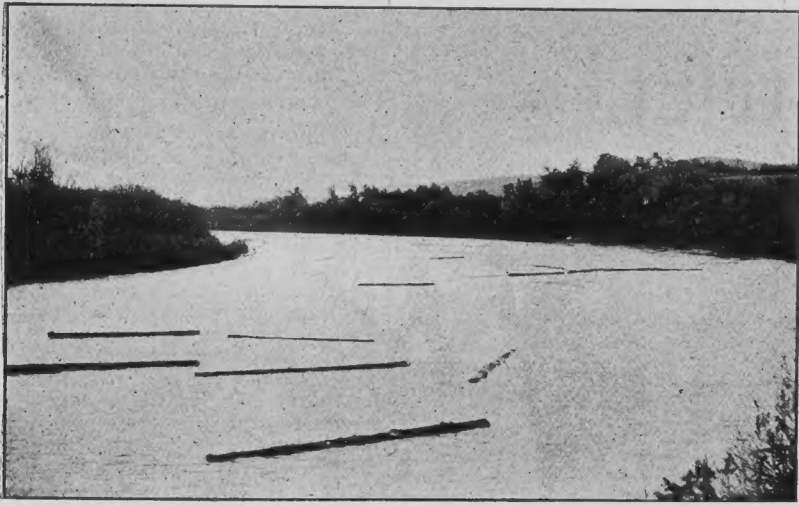
Canada's wonderful grain exhibit at the World's Fair is a revelation, says a St. Louis correspondent, to any one who may have had the idea that the great north country is one of cold and ice always.

Canada has a space of 10,000 square feet in the exposition's mammoth Palace of Agriculture—a structure that covers an area of twenty-three acres and contains all that is edible from all lands. A replica of a historic structure forms the centrepiece of this notable exhibit. One of the handsomest of the public buildings in the Dominion is the library of parliament at Ottawa. The dome of this building reproduced on a smaller scale, is one of the most commanding objects in the big building. It is an octagon, 34 feet across, and its top extends 60 feet upwards and brushes the rafters of the Agricultural Palace. Its frame is of pine, and the surface that shows is covered with glowing red burlap. Artistically fastened to this background are the grains and grasses of Canada, more than three thousand specimens being shown in charming array.

Great buttresses are built up of millet, a forage plant; brome grass, a fodder crop grown extensively in Western Canada and which appears shortly after the snow leaves the ground; wheat, oats, clover, blue grass, and hundreds of other choice specimens. Corn, used so much in the embellishment of the exhibits of the States, finds no place in this display. The eight arches in the octagon afford a conspicuous place for oil paintings, typifying the live stock industry of the great country to the north. The pictures are works of art, and their great size makes the scenes very life-like. The windows under the pointed arches are filled with bottles of threshed grain.



EAST AND WEST WINGS GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, ONT.



BEAVER BEND.

On the farm of W. H. Farthing, near Millwood, Man.
Some of the Hanbury Lumber Co's logs en route for Brandon, Man.



A Family Journal devoted to all that
Appeals to the Home.

WESTERN CANADA'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER

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A Prayer.

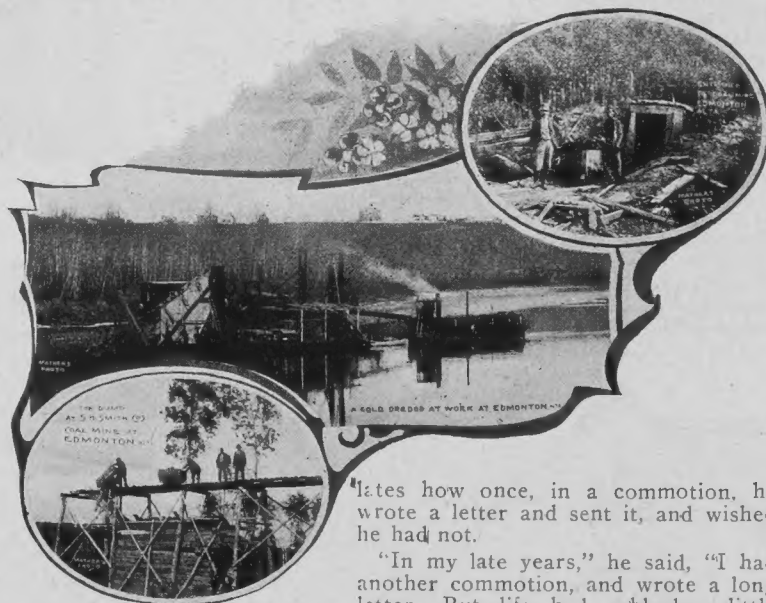
Oh that mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast.
That by each word, each deed, each
thought,

Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry;
Oh, purge out all my dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within;
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part.

What I must do is all that concerns
me, not what the people think. It is
easy in solitude to live after our own
opinions; but the great man is he who,
in the midst of the crowd, keeps per-
fect sweetness the independence of soli-
tude.—Emerson.

Those Who Would Have Must Give.

What would you think of a rose that
would say to itself: "I cannot afford
to give away to strangers all my beauty
and sweetness; I must keep it for my-
self. I will roll up my petals of beauty,
I will withhold this fragrance for my-
self. It is wasteful extravagance to
give these things away." But, behold,



the moment it tries to store up, to with-
hold them from others, they vanish.
The fragrance, the beauty, do not exist
in the unopened bud. It is only when
the rose begins to open itself, to exhi-
bit its petals, to give its secret, its life,
to others, that its beauty and fragrance
are developed.

So selfishness defeats its own ends.
He who refuses to give himself for
others, who closes the petals of his
helpfulness, and withholds the fra-
grance of his sympathy and love, finds
that he loses the very thing he hoped
to gain. The very springs of his man-
hood dry up. His finer nature be-
comes petrified. He grows deaf to the
cries of help from his fellow-men. His
tears are dried up, and he stares at mis-
fortune without wincing.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon
you cannot open your sympathy. Re-
fuse to love, and you soon lose the
power to love. Your affections are
paralyzed, your sympathy atrophied
from disuse, and you become a moral
cripple.

But the moment you open wider the
door of your narrow life, and, like the
rose, send out, without stint, your fra-
grance and beauty upon every passer-
by, whether peasant or millionaire, you
begin to develop a marvellous power.—
Success.

God's love runneth faster than our feet
To meet us stealing back to him and
peace.

And kisses numb our shame; nay, and
puts on
The best robe, bidding angels bring
it forth.

—Edwin Arnold.

Send Photographs

The Western Home Monthly will be glad to receive
photographs depicting western life. Photographers, both
professional and amateur, in all parts of the Canadian West,
are invited to submit pictures. Such as are deemed suitable
for use in our columns will be paid for, while those not
suitable will be returned. Photographs of special events,
gatherings, novel scenes, oddities, farm homes, etc., are
looked for. Accompanying each photograph must be the
name of the party sending it in, and note explaining the
incident or object it pictures, date, etc.

Keep Still.

Keep still. When trouble is brew-
ing, keep still. Even when slander is
getting on his legs, keep still, till you
recover from your excitement at any
rate. Things look differently through
an unagitated eye. Doctor Burton re-

Good Until January.

Coupons for Orange Meat premiums
may be redeemed up to that time.

Orange Meat, the popular Canadian
cereal has coupons in each 15c. pack-
age which can be redeemed in fine
silver-plated spoons, sugar-shells, and
other articles. The coupons are in
some cases marked as good only to
July 1st, 1904. It is worth knowing
that these coupons have been extended
to January 1st, 1905, until which date
the valuable premiums can be secured
by Orange Meat users. Each 15c.
package contains a coupon and full
directions.

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the air,
The winds are sweet and the flowers
fair;

Joy is abroad in the world today,
If our door is wide open he may come
this way.

Open the door.

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with grace
divine,

And their fruit shall be sweeter than
that of the vine.

Open the door.

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so
fair

That angels may enter unaware.

Open the door.

Oiling latches and hinges about the
house regularly once a week will al-
low doors to shut smoothly and with-
out creaking, a single drop of kero-
sene preventing the banging and
harsh grating disagreeable to all and
detrimental to the sick.

Many a man expects his wife to
equally adorn the parlor and the kit-
chen, and neglects to supply her with
the incentive to either.



The Elkhorn District.

A Rich Mixed Farming Section, where Excellent Land can still be Purchased at Reasonable Figures.

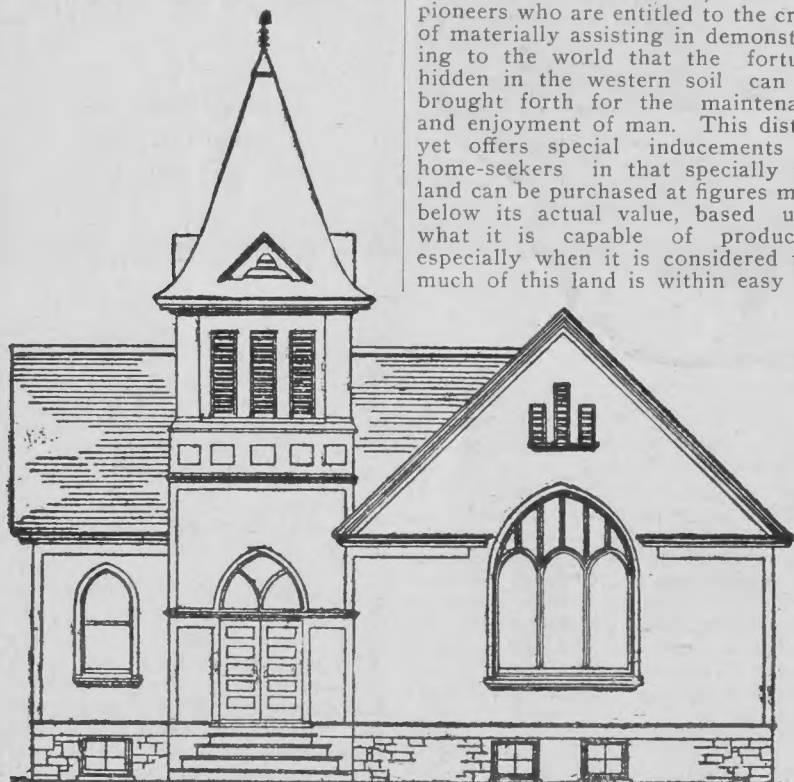
The prosperous and thriving town of Elkhorn is situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, district of rich and fertile agricultural country, considerable portion of which has been brought under cultivation



WASHAKADA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, ELKHORN, MAN.

197 miles west of the city of Winnipeg, and about nine miles east of the boundary of Eastern Assiniboia. It

and made highly remunerative by the hard work and perseverance of a good class of settlers, including pioneers who are entitled to the credit of materially assisting in demonstrating to the world that the fortunes hidden in the western soil can be brought forth for the maintenance and enjoyment of man. This district yet offers special inducements to home-seekers in that specially rich land can be purchased at figures much below its actual value, based upon what it is capable of producing, especially when it is considered that much of this land is within easy dis-



METHODIST CHURCH, ELKHORN, MAN.

is the most westerly town in the province of Manitoba, and is the centre and market town of a large

tance of a town that has a good market for all the farmer has to sell, and will, in turn, supply him with all that

he needs. The price of land in Western Canada has been kept down by the enormous quantity that the land seeker had to select from. This condition cannot, however, prevail much longer. The great rush of immigration to the country must of necessity cause land values to advance during the next few years. Those who therefore make purchases of land, for occupation in the district, will find that, while they are making a good living and placing something by for years to come, their land will be increasing in value year by year. The testimony of the reliable settlers of the district and the business men of the town



A MANITOBA WINTER SCENE.
Home of C. R. Duxbury, Elkhorn, Man.

goes to show that the country tributary to Elkhorn is one of the best mixed farming districts in the world.

CLIMATE SOIL AND WATER.

The settlers find the climate healthy and invigorating. Provided with warm houses, plenty of fuel, and excellent clothing, the coldest day in winter is robbed of its terrors. The people, as well as the horses and cattle, get through the long winter in remarkable good condition.

The nature of the soil in the district tributary to Elkhorn is black loam of a good depth, which has been proved by chemists to contain all the qualities necessary for the production of the best grades of milling wheat. The prairie is of a rolling nature, broken by ravines, small marshes and little lakes, affording a plentiful supply of rich and nutritious grasses for cattle, and hay for winter use. Water for domestic purposes is secured by digging wells to a depth of from 10 to 25 feet, and it is so clear and sparkling that the engineers of the C. P. R. locomotives make Elk-

horn whenever practicable in order to take in a supply for their engines. The absence of all impurities makes it the most desirable for all purposes.

A RAILWAY TERMINUS.

Elkhorn is the terminus of the Kirkella branch of the Canadian Pacific railway, and the opening of the vast and fertile territory tributary to that big railroad undertaking will add considerably to the importance of the town. Passengers who have to stop over in the town to make train connections for the Kirkella road find good accommodations. A round house has been erected, and also a coal chute equipped with the most modern mechanical appliances. It is understood that a new station in keeping with the growing importance of the town is contemplated.

ELEVATORS.

There are four grain elevators in the town, and also a loading platform, from which the grain-growers load direct into the railroad cars.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

The spiritual needs of the com-

The Roseberry Hotel

OFFERS FIRST-CLASS
ACCOMMODATION TO THE
TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

**Good
Sample
Rooms**

ROOMS ARE LARGE AND
WELL VENTILATED.

THE BAR IS STOCKED WITH
THE BEST BRANDS OF
LIQUORS & CIGARS.

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY IN
CONNECTION.

ELKHORN, - MAN.

O. R. JONES

Proprietor.



MAIN STREET OF ELKHORN, MAN. IN 1902.

munity are well looked after by Rev. R. A. Scarlett of the Methodist church; Rev. Mr. McGuire, of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. W. Stalker, of the English church.

The public school house is a commodious stone building of four rooms. The teaching staff consists of: Principal, A. J. Hatcher; assistants, Miss Ethel Cadman, Miss A. Mundell and Miss M. Cadman. The highest work accomplished at the school fits the pupil for the examinations necessary to become a teacher himself. The school is supplied with a good library and the necessary aids to advance the pupils along the lines of true education and making of them useful and active members of society.

CHAS. R. DUXBURY, REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Duxbury is one of the most enterprising real estate agents and dealers in the district. He has great faith in the capabilities of the country, and, having been a resident of the district for about 20 years, has travelled over every quarter section, and understands thoroughly what he is talking about. People who are looking for a new place to locate in should send for a pamphlet and consult Mr. Duxbury and examine the large list of wild and improved lands that he has to offer for sale, ranging in price from \$7 to \$20 per acre. There are no free lands in the district, but Mr. Duxbury argues, with considerable logic, that lands at reasonable prices, close to market, schools, churches and other blessings of modern civilization, are cheaper than free lands beyond the pale of civilization, and where all the hardships of pioneering have to be gone over again. In

addition to a large real estate business, Mr. Duxbury represents a number of fire, life and stock insurance companies. He has a very nice residence, surrounded by maple shade trees, on a five acre plot in the east end of the town.

G. W. MARSH, GENERAL STORE.

Mr. Marsh is one of the most prominent and enterprising business

of goods best suited to his patrons. Customers drive to this emporium from the east and west, and from a distance of fifteen miles to the south and twelve miles to the north.

THE MANITOBA HOTEL.

The Manitoba hotel at Elkhorn is a substantial structure of brick and stone that was erected in 1899 by the proprietor, W. J. Dixon, who has been



BUILDINGS OF G. W. MARSH, ELKHORN, MAN.

men of Western Manitoba. He has been a resident of the province for 22 years, and has been in business for 16 years. He came to Elkhorn in 1897. His store is 24 by 80 feet, two-story high. Two other large warehouses and a large furniture store, separate, are brimful of all the modern requirements of a family living on a

resident of the district for 22 years, and is well and favorably known as a business man. There are good sample rooms for commercial travellers, and Mr. Dixon attends personally to the comfort of his guests, and does all in his power to make the traveller's lot a pleasant one. A porter meets all trains.



RESIDENCE OF MR. WOOD, SEVEN MILES SOUTH OF ELKHORN, MAN.

farm, or in the town. An inspection of the well assorted stock reveals the fact that the proprietor and his expert assistants understand thoroughly the art of buying and storekeeping, and that the business is so active that goods are not permitted to become shop-worn. His long experience enables Mr. Marsh to select the class

R. DeW. WALLER, REAL ESTATE

Mr. Waller is one of the leading real estate agents of the district. He came here from Londonderry, Ireland, about 22 years ago. He is thoroughly acquainted with all the district, and is in a position to give valuable assistance to home-seekers, who may be looking for sound investments and



HOTEL MANITOBA, ELKHORN, MAN.

I HAVE FOR SALE

30,000 Acres of the Best Mixed Farming Land in Western Manitoba

within 2 to 10 miles of markets, at prices varying from \$7 to \$10 per acre, and the terms are $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, balance in annual payments to suit the purchaser, at 6 per cent interest,

Also a number of Improved Farms,

some with first class buildings. These I can offer at from \$10 to \$15 per acre. Terms $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, balance at 6 per cent interest. Now these lands will soon be picked up, and you may as well participate in the rise of prices. As the next man, I will be glad to give you any information you want and to show you the land. You have only to call or write to—

R. de W. Waller

Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agent,

ELKHORN - MAN.

GEO. W. MARSH

Dry Goods
Clothing
Hats & Caps
Boots & Shoes

Groceries
Crockery
Glass and
Chinaware
Furniture
etc.

Highest Market
Price Paid for
Market Produce

**ELKHORN
MAN.**

Hotel Manitoba

W. J. DIXON, Prop.

Strictly First-class

All Modern Conveniences

**ELKHORN
MAN.**



BARN AND STOCK OF GEO. ALLISON, NEAR ELKHORN, MAN.

terms of payment. Mr. Waller also represents a number of leading fire, life and loan companies.

THE ROSEBERRY HOTEL.

O. R. Jones, mine host of the Roseberry hotel, has been a resident of the district since 1882 and has been in the hotel business since 1884. The

rooms for commercial travellers, and the landlord sees personally to the comfort of his guests. In reply to queries, Mr. Jones expressed his unbounded faith in the district, declaring it to be all that can be desired for mixed farming purposes, and that it offers special inducements to young

good homes. Such will do well to stop off at Elkhorn and consult Mr. Waller, who will be found always ready



ELKHORN, MAN., PUBLIC SCHOOL.

to place his experience and knowledge at the command of his patrons. He has now for sale 30,000 acres of the best mixed farming land, at a distance of from two to ten miles from markets at prices ranging from \$10 to \$15 per acre, including buildings. Most of these can be purchased on easy

present "Roseberry" was erected in 1892. Mr. Jones is very fond of horses and named his hostelry after the famous British statesman, who numbered among his ambitions a desire to win the Derby. The rooms at the Roseberry hotel are large and well ventilated. There are good sample

men with, or without, capital, who are able and willing to work.

DESIRABLE NEIGHBORS.

The settlers of the district are a good class, intelligent, enterprising and industrious. The dwelling houses are neat and comfortable, many of them beautiful. The outbuildings are also generally very substantial, while many of the settlers display advanced taste in beautifying and protecting their homes with shade trees, shrubs and flowers.

LARGE YIELDS.

Testimony of experienced farmers goes to prove that farming carried on on business lines is highly remunerative. Wheat sowed on properly cultivated land will yield 30 bushels to the acre; wheat sown on stubble has been known to yield 20 bushels to the acre, but such is not farming, and should not be risked. If the seed is put in early in the spring the crop will be safely garnered before the early frost appears. Threshers report that



ROSEBERRY HOTEL, ELKHORN, MAN.

CHAS. R. DUXBURY

Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agent

I have some of the best
bargains in

IMPROVED FARMS

that money can buy in
Manitoba.

Also unimproved farm
lands at from \$7 per
acre, near markets,
schools and churches,
and in good settle-
ments.

Several Improved Farms to Rent.

Settlers located and
given every assistance
possible.

ELKHORN, MAN.

Continued on Inside Back Cover.

Transportation in Western Canada.

What Has Been Accomplished and What is Contemplated.

At the present time, when the Grand Trunk Pacific is so prominently before the public, it is interesting to glance over the report of Mr. Sandford Fleming, who was Engineer in Chief of the C.P.R. the then proposed road of the Mackenzie government, and note the progress that has been made. Twenty-seven years back that gentleman made his report and since that time the C.P.R. has been built, well equipped, straightened and improved in many places, double tracked at some points, and made money for those who took it over in later years. Hundreds of miles of branch lines have been built in many directions, and heavy steel substituted all along the line for the lighter quality at first used. There are now two fast passenger trains running over the road from the Atlantic to the Pacific and vice versa. And now we have three other roads seeking terminal points on the Pacific.

The Canadian Northern is heading for Butte Inlet, a point on the east shore of British Columbia, facing the centre of Vancouver Island. This road is now running a well equipped train to Port Arthur at the head of the great lakes and is fast making connection at points in the East. The company also has trains running to Melfort and Kamsack in the West and has a number of branch lines. This fall the Canadian Northern expects to have its lines running to Prince Albert and Edmonton, and next season will make a start on the mountain section.

It is expected that the Grand Trunk Pacific will have considerable grading done on its road before the winter of 1904-5 sets in, as it is proposed to have the entire system built and equipped by 1909. The G.T.P. is heading for Port Simpson, a point about three times as far north of Vancouver as Butte Inlet.

Then there is the projected Trans-Canada line.

In this number we give cuts of Port Simpson and the harbor. They are what may be termed up-to-date views as they are from photos taken by Mr. Hill, engineer in charge of the Trans-Canada Railway, in February, 1903. In reporting upon Port Simpson, Mr. Hill states that "the harbor is land locked and the ground shelves abruptly, thereby making it possible for vessels of the deepest draught to anchor close to the shore,

which will reduce to a very great extent the cost of the wharves we propose to erect there. The port is over three miles in length with an average breadth exceeding one mile, and is well sheltered and easy of access. There is a considerable area of land level or gently sloping, well adapted for the site of a city. Within the southern portion of the harbor, protected by a shoal known as Harbor Reefs, from the ocean swell, there is an area of about one-half mile by two. In the northern part there is a well sheltered bay inside Birnie Island about three quarters of a mile square. These, with the land-locked bay, east of Finlayson Island, afford about five miles of water frontage on the mainland,

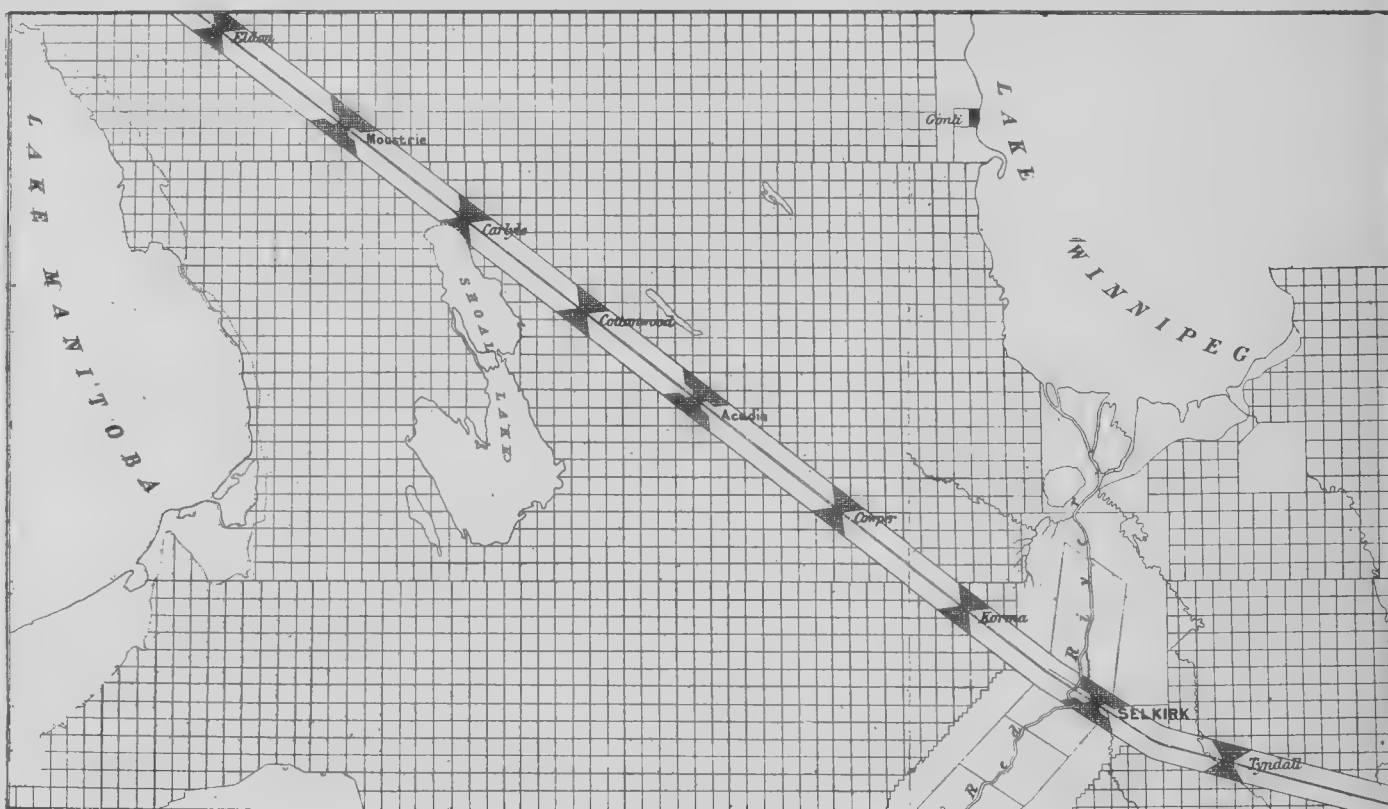
the stations Korma, Cowper, etc., were not located. We have had the cut made half size of the original, so that in computing the distance between stations it is necessary to reckon each square as one mile, the original scale being six miles to an inch. It will be observed that every third station plot is larger than the two preceding it and is different in form. If some such scheme was adopted on the lines now under construction what an assistance it would be to the individual who is anxious to be "first" at places that are likely to be stations on the line. In connection with his diagram, which we here give, the following was submitted by Mr. Fleming:

feet long, (at all events this length in level prairie sections), so as to allow for long trains shunting and standing without interference with the road crossings, hereafter referred to. The breadth of the station grounds need not be great, except where special provision is required for engine-shops, etc.; 150 to 200 feet on each side of the centre line of the Railway would be ample.

3. A road should be laid out all round the station ground; it would cross the Railway at two points, 2,000 feet apart; there should be no other road across the station ground, except for foot passengers.

4. Opposite and around each station located as above, a suitable area of land should be reserved for a town plot, laid out and sold as such; behind the town plot, some of the land should be laid out as park lots.

5. I would strongly advise the reduction of crossings, both public road and farm crossings, to the least possible number. Statistics show that a very large percentage of fatal accidents on railways result from road-crossings. In a new country they could be largely re-



THE 1877 PROPOSED C. P. R.

Portion of the plan submitted by Mr. Sandford Fleming, showing the "lay-out" of stations, etc. Each square represents one mile.

besides a large extent on the surrounding islands. The entrance to the port is the Inskip passage which is a magnificent one, half a mile wide and free from strong currents or obstructions of any kind."

We also give a cut of a part of the 1877 proposed C.P.R. It shows the old townsite of Selkirk, latterly called East Selkirk, and Tyndall. As is well known, the road was not continued over the Red River at Selkirk, but swung north to Winnipeg and on from here to Portage la Prairie and the West, and a line built down on the west side of the river to West Selkirk. This caused the line, as proposed from Selkirk to the Narrows at Lake Manitoba, to be abandoned and

1. I would suggest that the most suitable points for stations, should be selected at convenient distances, say from six to ten miles apart. In selecting these points, care should be taken to have them on level, and as far as practicable, on straight sections of the Railway, or failing this, on easy curves; they should not be near the foot of long steep grades, nor on any grade exceeding fifteen feet to a mile.

The points selected should not be where the Railway is on embankment or in cutting, but where the grading necessary for station purposes, could be done at the least cost.

2. The reservation of land for stations should be on a liberal scale, say 2,000

feet long, without any inconvenience to the public, and, at the same time, save the cost of making and maintaining them.

In order to effect the desired object, I would suggest that the farm lots between stations should all be laid out with their rear ends to the Railway line, as

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Do You Wish to Earn More?

Would a better education help?
You do not need to leave home to get it
We will bring the High School University, Business College or Agricultural College to your door
By Mail.

THE EXPENSE IS SMALL.

Write for particulars to

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LIMITED

42-48 KING STREET, WEST - TORONTO, CANADA.



HARBOR OF PORT SIMPSON, B.C.

From photograph taken by Mr. Hill, engineer in charge of the Trans-Canada Survey Party, February, 1903.

shown on the sketch; that a road allowance should be made on the ends farthest from the Railway, and that there should be no allowance for roads between any of the farm lots. This would render farm crossings entirely unnecessary, and it would throw the public road-crossings at the stations only, at which points there is always least danger, as the trains invariably reduce their speed when approaching stations.

I have drawn on the accompanying sketch, the strip of land proposed to be reserved on each side of the Railway, one mile in width. This width would probably embrace sufficient area for town plots, park lots, as well as farm lots; in connection with the latter, it might be advisable to withhold the sale of them, until all the other farm lots in the neighborhood were taken up, and when offered for sale, special stipulation may be made for the maintenance of the railway fences, the planting of trees, or other provision to prevent snow-drifts, and also with respect to fires caused by sparks from the locomotive engines.

We also present a sketch of the 1877 (or Mackenzie) C. P. R. as located and projected. On it there has been penned the present C. P. R. line; the C.N.R. constructed, located and projected lines; the projected Government-G.T.P. line, and the proposed route of the Trans-Canada.

The advantage of the Mackenzie-C.P.R. is shown by the closeness of the other lines, either built or under way, to it. In sections they almost cover the same ground, so that the conclusions of Mr. Fleming, in the light of more modern days, were not far out.

It will be noticed that in Ontario the Canadian Northern is more to the south than the other lines, the C. P. R. next, and the G. T. P. third. In the West the C. P. R. is at the centre. The Trans-Canada is north of each of the others. Of the latter line there is not much said at the present time, but the promoters say it is not by any means dead. The C. P. R. have numerous branch roads and the C.N.R. quite a number. Both have others under construction or projected, and the G.T.P. and Trans-Canada have several in contemplation. With the exception of a short piece of the C.N.R., around the Lake of the Woods, all five roads are in Canadian territory. There are some who hold that the C.N.R. will, before many years, see that there is connection in the Dominion for the short section now carried through the U.S. Should this be done all five roads will be what may be termed trans-continental lines, a very important thing should the mother country ever wish to use them for the carriage of troops.

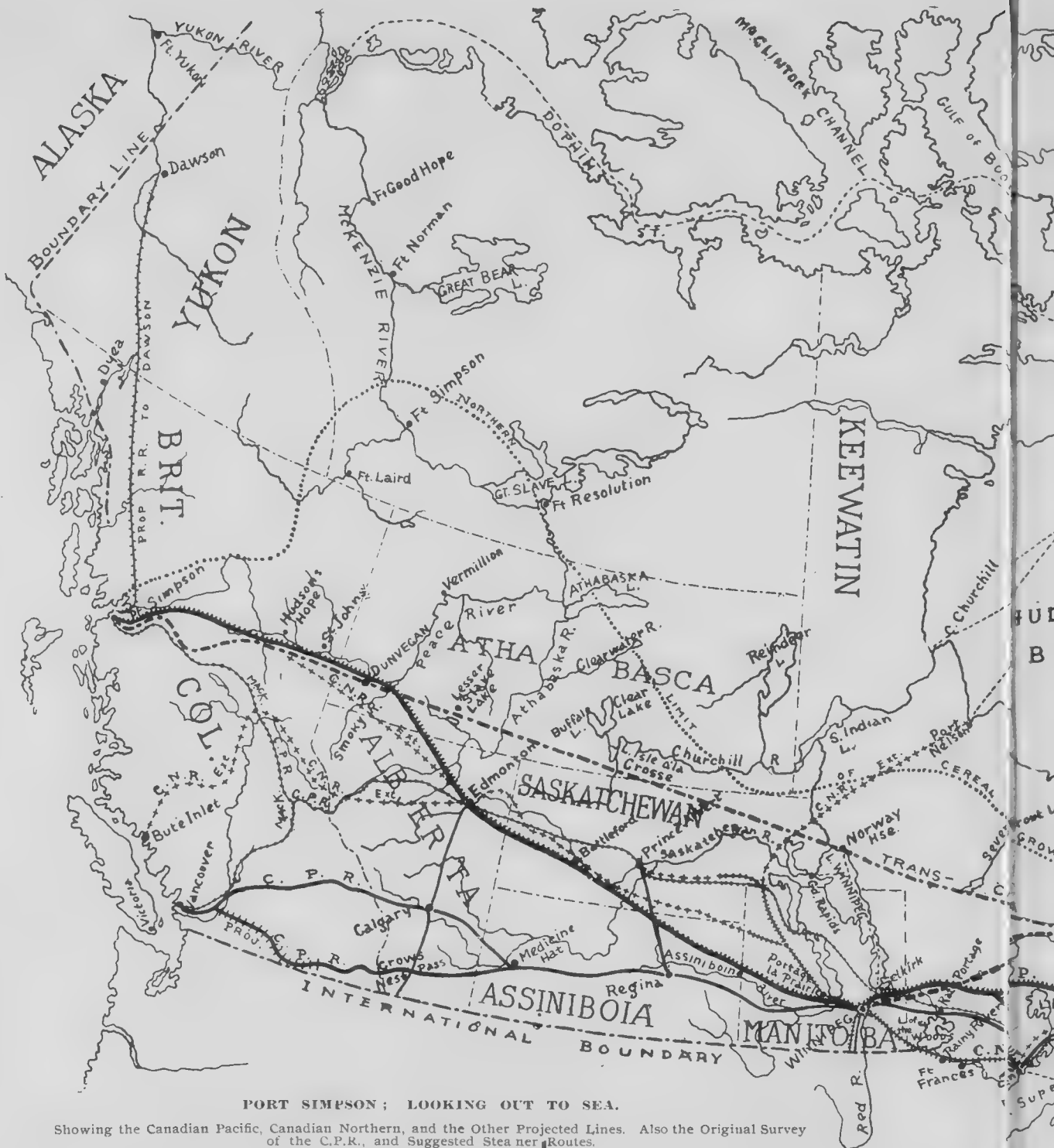
Then, the C.N.R. has a line to the Hudson Bay in contemplation and the Ontario government is assisting a line to James Bay, both of which will, we believe, be important factors in opening up new and good settlements. Should the Trans-Canada be built, and keep to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, it will bring to the front the important point of Norway House. The other lines will, sooner or later, have lines at, or close to, this place. If they do not, through the opening of the canal at St. Andrew's Rapids, there will be a short water route connection from Winnipeg to Norway House.

There is a line projected from Port Simpson to Dawson, through Canadian territory, and this will give the Yukon all rail connection with the East.

As each road covers a territory far enough apart to give it "feeding ground" of its own, there is no doubt that they will all be paying ventures.

One of the five roads is now an accomplished fact; the second has much of its line built and the third will, before many months, be underway. And this all inside twenty-seven years! A great number of those now living will see the day when three of the five railroads are carrying passengers and freight from coast to coast, with numerous branch lines to the north and south, and it is not a very great stretch of imagination to think of other lines covering the western section of the Dominion.

This is certainly Canada's great "growing time" and should the influx



PORT SIMPSON; LOOKING OUT TO SEA.

Showing the Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern, and the Other Projected Lines. Also the Original Survey of the C.P.R., and Suggested Steamer Routes.

continue it will require all of the roads to meet the requirements of the settlers.

On the plan showing the railway lines we have had "projected" steamboat routes shown on Lake Winnipeg and Hudson and James Bays. The former will give Winnipeg summer traffic to points on Lake Winnipeg and at Grand Rapids connection can be had through the Saskatchewan river to points in the far West.

Through the Hudson Bay routes connection can be made with points in the far north, and, it is held by some, with the Mackenzie river and in this way down into the interior. In connection with the Hudson Bay route to Liverpool it would be well to read the article of Mr. W. G. Fonseca, of Winnipeg, which we published in our issue of February last. He has been a resident of the West for many years and is a strong believer in the feasibility of the route over that water as a shorter way of reaching the Liverpool market. In the article alluded to, he shows that the Bay was navigated as early as May 4, and as late as Oct.

6. Other dates of arrival and departure of ocean boats of the early days are given, and he holds that York factory is just as naturally the outlet for Western Canada's trade to Great Britain as the St. Lawrence, by Montreal and Quebec, is of Eastern Canada. From York Factory to Liverpool is practically as short as from Montreal to Liverpool, while the overland distance from the western wheatfields to York Factory is considerably less than from them to Montreal. From Winnipeg to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay, it is 602 miles less than by the present route.

In alluding to the Grand Trunk Pacific, a leading American railway journal enumerates six distinct advantages which it will possess:

"It will stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific under one management, and can make its own through rates, while none of the American roads extend further than Chicago, and it will control ocean steamer connections at both ends; it will be the latest built road, with the latest and most consistent

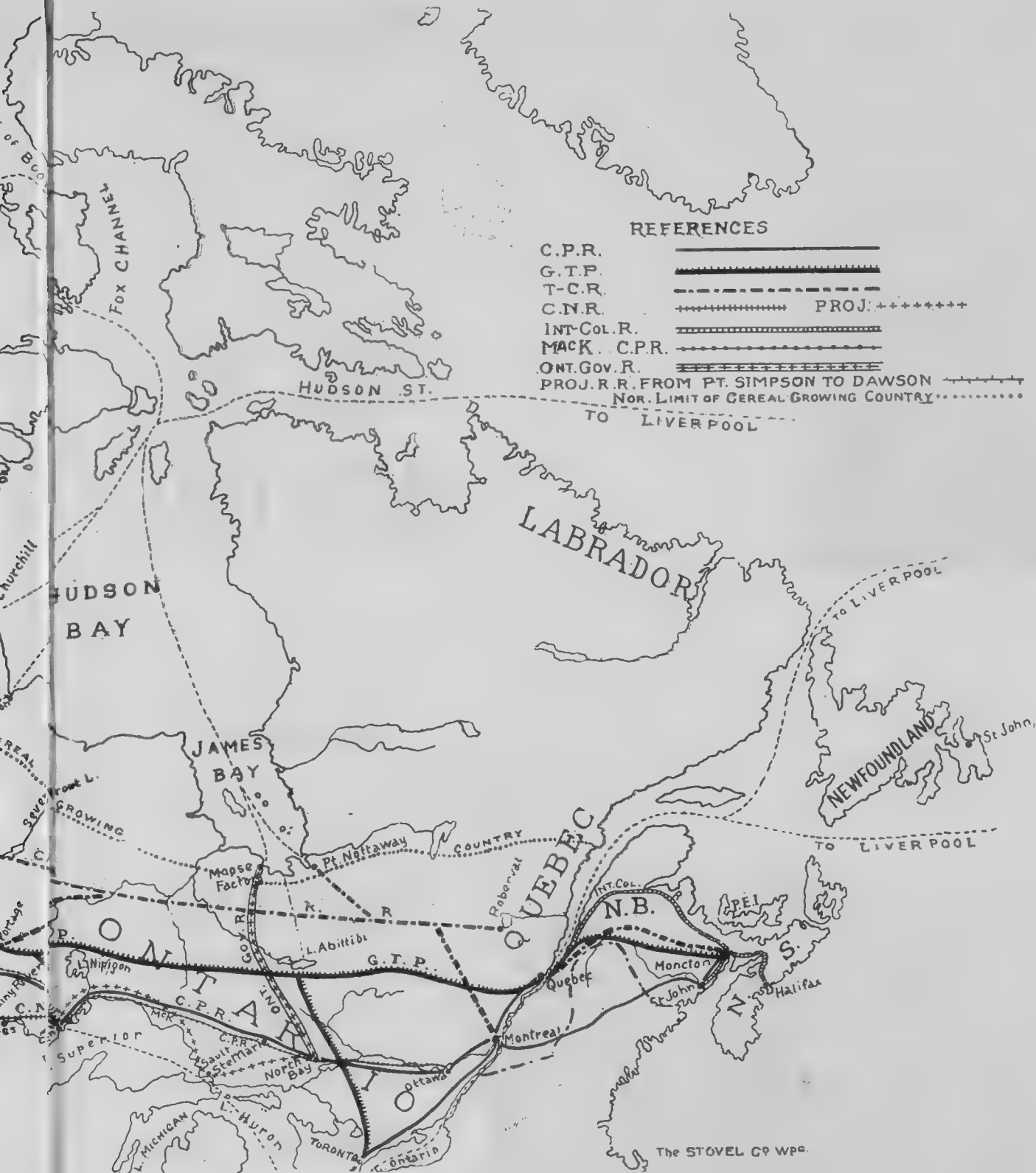
equipment; its Pacific terminus, Port Simpson, a magnificent harbor on the Alaskan border, is nearer by five hundred miles to Asia than is Puget Sound or Vancouver, yet the road itself is as short as any other trans-continental line; it escapes entirely the climb and heavy grades over the Rocky Mountains, which do not extend so far north as the line; its grain belt extends from Manitoba unbrokenly to a region that is west of Vancouver, a gain in local agricultural lands of nearly one thousand miles over American lines, and it will by the location of its terminus monopolize the whole of the enormous and rapidly growing Alaskan traffic."

If a man can find no excuse for himself, his wife will find it for him.

There are some very modest girls who would rather surrender to be kissed than to have their hair mussed in the struggle.



PORT SIMPSON; LOOKING OUT TO SEA.



Power on the Farm.

About two years ago we purchased a two-horse gasoline engine of an old reliable gasoline engine firm, and it has run nearly every day since. We pump water direct from the well to a two-barrel stock tank which has a plug in the bottom. The tank is placed in the barn so that all the stock is watered inside in cold weather. When we wish to water the stock we start the engine, which takes less than one minute.

When the stock is through drinking we remove the plug in the bottom of the tank and let the waste water out. In this way our stock has water nearly always the same temperature, 52 degrees, which I am satisfied is a great advantage over ice water from a supply tank that we would be obliged to have if we had wind power. We have

a shed 16x16 feet where the engine is connected with the pump, feed grinder, corn sheller, grindstone and other machines.

By converting two old mowing machine wheels and axles into a truck and mounting the engine, we can easily move it to the barn floor to run the fodder cutter, and to the woods to saw wood. We can cut a load of corn fodder or saw two cords of wood per hour, at a cost of about two cents for gasoline, and about three cents per hour for grinding feed, but it costs less than one cent per hour for pumping water or running light machines such as cream separator, churn, etc.

We have had no repairs so far, with the exception of 60 cents for sal ammoniac to recharge the batteries. I am satisfied that our engine develops more than two-horse power, for it runs

the fodder cutter more satisfactorily than four horses did on the old sweep power. I believe that the gasoline engine is a more satisfactory power than wind power for the farmer and dairyman, as it can be moved from one place to another, and will run machines that could not be run with wind power. With the gasoline engine, a good force pump and a supply of hose, the farmer could have his own fire protection. Our engine is always connected to the pump, only when taken out to cut corn fodder or saw wood.—F. W. Baysinger in "Ohio Farmer."

Most women don't want to vote; they merely want the right to vote.

Bad coffee spoils many a domestic romance.

The Camp.

Here are a few "notes," taken from Field and Stream, for the party who contemplates going into camp, on a fishing or hunting expedition or for the rest that comes through a season spent in outdoor life:

Every camp ought to have in it a weak solution of carbolic acid. In case of a gun shot or other wound use the solution freely to keep the wound clean, covering it with a rag moistened in the solution. This antiseptic cleansing of the wound is about the best you can do until you can get surgical attendance.

If poisoned with poison ivy, use an infusion of the bark, berries or boughs of the common spice bush (*Benzion cadoriterum*). Take it internally and apply it externally. Strong witch hazel is useful also.

Drive the mosquitoes out of your tent by burning insect powder in it before you go to bed. If there is a lady in camp who is poisoned by the bite of mosquitoes, tell her to apply borolyp-tol; camphor or naphthaline also cure the sting of mosquito bites to some extent.

When you are in camp, have your meals at regular hours if possible. Don't run riot or get lawless in any particular because you are away from home. Live as well as you can, but don't encumber yourself with too big a lot of duffle and grub.

A good chest or grub box can be made out of an old trunk, into which you can put your sugar, coffee, etc., when you leave camp. This keeps out small vermin. For coffee and sugar and for all sweets, jams, etc., there should be airtight cans or jars, ant proof. Ants are one of the worst nuisances in the summer camp.

Never allow a loaded gun of any description to come into a tent, into a boat or into a wagon with you.

A very good ice box can be made with a few boards and stones if you are able to get a cold spring anywhere near your camp. Keep the milk, butter or fresh milk there, cool and shady, but not wet.

Make a good bed. It is a lot of trouble to make a good bough bed, but one will last you a week or more if you take the pains. Take the blankets off and kick the bed to pieces once and a while; it will do it good.

Take care of your gun in camp, as it will rust easily. Have a rag handy, soaked in vaseline, and use it inside and outside your gun.

Take along plenty of socks. They will keep your feet warm, and keep them from chaffing.

Don't go to camp expecting to be sick, but as a matter of caution, take along a few simple remedies. Take a good gargle, a little carbolated vaseline, and a little Jamaica ginger.

Don't forget to take along a good lantern. It is very handy around the camp.

Floor your tent, or at least your bed, with waterproof cloth or rubber. Make the bed itself of blankets of good wool.

Knife Blade 30 Feet Long.

The biggest carving knife ever manufactured may be seen at the world's fair. This monster blade is 30 feet in length and has an edge as sharp as a razor. It is made out of the finest steel, and the handle is a masterpiece of the cutler's art, elaborately carved and beautifully polished. It would take a veritable giant to wield a knife like this. The blade is altogether of American manufacture, and it is expected to show for the first time that American cutlery has now reached a point of perfection where it fears no rivalry. The giant carving knife cost several thousand dollars, and special machinery had to be made before its construction could begin. No such knife was ever before manufactured.

It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because you can only do a little. Do what you can.

When you find yourself overpowered, as it were, by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something kind to somebody.



From photograph taken by Mr. Hill, in charge of the Trans-Canada Survey Party, February, 1903.

Broadview

The Centre of a Rich and Prosperous Farming District, Pure Sparkling Water, Rich and Nutritious Grasses. A Plentiful Supply of Fish and Game. The Business Men. What \$10 Land Produced.

Broadview is situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at a point 264 miles west of the City of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and 84 miles east of Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories, in the electoral district of Eastern Assiniboia. The town is the centre of the best mixed farming district that the heart of man can desire, a district inhabited by a thrifty, industrious and progressive class of farmers, men who, by undaunted pluck and perseverance, overcame all the disappointments and discouragements of pioneer life, and thereby strengthened their financial and physical positions. Driving south about ten miles to the Pipestone valley, and north about twenty miles, to the Cotham district, the visitor is treated to some of the most picturesque scenery east of the Rocky Mountains, and learns to appreciate the name given to Eastern Assiniboia: "The Park Land of Canada." Throughout this district, traversed by the writer, there was nothing but signs of prosperity and contentment on every hand. Every settler seemed to be imbued with the idea that he possessed the best farm in the world.

A DIVISIONAL POINT.

Broadview is a divisional point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, equipped with a splendid yard, a large round house and the most modern coal shutes. The town has made considerable progress during the past year. Several grain elevators have been erected, new business blocks have been built, while a number of others are being contemplated.

THE SOIL, WATER AND FUEL.

The soil of the district varies from heavy black clay loam to black sandy loam and it has been proved to be the very best wheat growing soil in the world. There is an abundance of sweet and nutritious grasses, and the water supply is unequalled, both in quality and quantity. There is an ever flowing living stream of pure sparkling water in the west end of the town which spells health and happiness to the citizens. This spring is only six feet from the surface. The large number of lakes and creeks in the district provide the live stock with the wherewithal to quench their thirst, and, together with the abundant supply of wild grasses, sweet and nutritious, have contributed largely to making the Broadview district famous for the quality of its dairy produce. Good butter, to a limited extent, can be found in almost any part of the west, but it is doubtful if such a high average of first grade butter can be shown in any other part. The fact that Broadview commands the highest price in the open market is sufficient proof of the authenticity of this claim, made by the business men of the town. The writer was invited to inspect a number of the dairies and butter-making appliances in the Cotham district, which he found to be models of cleanliness and equipped with the most modern appliances. A sight of



A. R. COLQUHOUN, BROADVIEW, ASSA.
President of Board of Trade.

those pretty women dressed in snowy white garments, with the aid of clean and bright appliances, turning out print butter, would tempt the appetite of the most dyspeptic. A meal, consisting of some of the butter, which he had seen being made, together with some home-made bread, new laid eggs, and a delicious cup of tea, was one of the most enjoyable ever partaken of. A trip to the

It is only a matter of little time, and a little thought, before the wheat growers of the great West will be shipping their wheat direct to the British miller. They would make several million dollars a year annually if they went a step further and established mills and bakeries throughout Great Britain and supplied bread direct from their farms to the English eater. The amount of money at present wasted on whiskey, tobacco and cigars would furnish ample capital to carry out such a scheme.

There are unlimited possibilities in the Broadview district for men and women to engage in the dairy industry. The demand for choice butter is always greater than the supply while all the necessary conditions for the manufacture of the very best butter exist here.

Another branch that is much neglected in the great West is home-made cheese. The farm women of Britain attend to this branch and there is a fortune for many of them here.

BOARD OF TRADE.

There is a live Board of Trade in the town, with the following officers: President, A. R. Colquhoun; Vice-President, Chas. R. Boulton; Secretary-Treasurer, H. Simpson.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

The town and district are well provided with educational and religious facilities. There is a substantial stone school house in the town. The trustees are Rev. J. G. Stephens, chairman, Dr.



JOHNSTON & PARSONS' PREMISES, BROADVIEW, ASSA.

Qu'Appelle valley would amply repay the busy careworn business or professional man of Winnipeg for the time and outlay involved.

GRAIN ELEVATORS.

There are three grain elevators in the town and also a loading platform where farmers may load their own grain direct into the cars, do their own shipping and thereby save all intermediate profits.

Allingham and Joseph Upex. The teachers are: H. Simpson, principal; Miss Cameron, assistant. A. L. Brown is secretary-treasurer of the board. There are neat churches in the place, with the following as pastors: Presbyterian, Rev. J. G. Stephens; Methodist, Rev. Mr. Brecken; Church of England, Rev. W. C. Ballinhard. The last named gentleman is a veteran and an officer (Major) of the Crimean War—the 47th regiment.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

There is an unlimited scope for the enjoyment of life in the district. Broadview boasts of one of the best football teams in Eastern Assiniboia. There is a Gun Club, a Boating Club and a Rifle Association. The officers of the last named consist of: Captain, R. Robinson; Secretary-treasurer, A. E. Gardner. Among the membership are some of the crack shots of the west, men who would give a good account of themselves if called upon to defend the integrity of the Empire.

Crooked Lake is nine miles long by about three miles wide, while Round Lake is five miles long by about three miles wide. Both are in the picturesque Qu'Appelle Valley, north of Broadview, and provide splendid boating and fishing facilities. The principal fish is pike.



ELEVATOR AND RESIDENCE OF A. R. COLQUHOUN, BROADVIEW, ASSA.



District Agent
for
Lister's Alexandra
and
Melotte Cream
Separators.
Sewing Machines



CHAS. R. BOULTBEE

FLOUR and FEED IMPLEMENTS INSURANCE

P. O. BOX 10.

BROADVIEW, ASSA.

BRANCH OFFICES AT
WHITEWOOD, ASSA., and
DUBUC.

**HURRY up and
get some of
those Town Lots
on the Boulton
estate, for Sale
cheap.**



District Agent
for
Deere Plows,
Deering Binders,
Mowers, Etc.
Buggies,
Wagons, Etc.



There is an abundance of wild duck, turkeys, geese and prairie chickens throughout the district.

Lake Escapo (Weed Lake), three quarters of a mile south of the town, is a splendid sheet of water seven miles in length. This teems with wild duck every



R. ROBINSON, OVERSEER, BROADVIEW.

fall. A bag of 40 ducks is often secured by a good gunner during an afternoon.

The Lawn Tennis Club have good grounds in the east end of the town.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

A large brick yard has been established immediately adjoining the railroad track, on the north side. A 60-horse power engine, and the most mod-

and red cherries grow wild. It is confidently expected that a hardy variety of apples will be developed before long, to stand the rigors of the Canadian West.

THE FLORA.

Lilac, caragana, cotton, asters, poppies, honey suckle, sun flowers, dahlias, asters, marigolds, violets, pansies, verbenas, nicotine, and many other variety of flowers, shrubs and plants, that are usually grown in the West, and in Ontario, thrive in this district in the open.

There is also a wide range of wild flowers that adorn the open prairie, the most common of which is the beautiful and sweet scented prairie rose, one of the prettiest flowers that grows. Cowslips and anemones appear in the spring almost as soon as the snow of winter disappears. Sunflowers, marigolds, and the bluebells, are also among the wild flowers that thrive on the open prairie and stand the heavy winter. Spring up in the early spring and summer to encourage the laborer in his task.

SOME OF THE LEADING CITIZENS.

CHAS. R. BOULTBEE, IMPLEMENTS.

Mr. Boulton is one of the most enterprising, progressive and successful young business men of the West. He came to Canada from Cheshire, England, in 1885; was engaged in farming for a number of years and is in fact still a highly successful farmer. He opened out an implement warehouse in 1897, and does a very extensive business in the famous Fairchild and Deering and other machinery. He also operates a custom crushing mill and farms a 320-acre farm adjoining the town, 170 acres

ly sub-divided a portion of his farm into town lots, which are selling rapidly as they comprise a very choice residential section of the town. He is also a large breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale horses. These have taken several prizes every year. Last year Mr. Boul-



P. S. ROBERTSON, BROADVIEW HOUSE.

bee was awarded the first prize at the Agricultural Show for Clydesdale mares.

MORRISON & CO., BANKERS.

One of the most important institutions in a progressive town is the bank. Broadview does not as yet boast of a chartered bank, although the large volume of business transacted in the place would seem to warrant the establishment of such. The next best is a good private bank and that is what is provided by Morrison & Co. Mr. James Morrison came to Canada in 1889, from the old land, where he received the best of training as a financier. He has been connected with various financial institutions in the West. He conducted a private bank at Whitewood which he disposed of to make room for a chartered bank. Mr. Morrison thoroughly understands the need of the country and is always ready to aid any sound and legitimate business enterprise. A general banking business is carried on by the firm.

A. R. COLQUHOUN & SON, GENERAL STORE.

The establishment of A. R. Colquhoun & Son is the most important concern of the kind in the town of Broadview. It was established in the year 1897. A. R. Colquhoun came to Canada from Scotland, in 1892. The firm carry a general line of merchandise, including dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, fancy goods, groceries, crockery and hardware. They have a large grain elevator, and are in fact prepared to buy everything a farmer has to sell, and to supply him all that he needs. Mr. Colquhoun is president of the Board of Trade, a License Commissioner and a Justice of the Peace.

THORBURN & SONS, LTD.

The firm of Thorburn & Sons, Limited, was established in 1883, and are the pioneer merchants of the town. The general store business was sold out last year, and the firm now devote their at-

Correspondence Solicited.

W. S. ASHE

Conveyancer,
Notary,
Commissioner, Etc.
Official Auditor.

REAL ESTATE, MONEY.

BROADVIEW,
N.W.T.

Town Lots and Improved
Farms for sale or rent.

BRANCH OFFICE AT
DUBUC, ASSA.



PREMISES OF A. CUTLER, BROADVIEW, ASSA.

ern machinery, is being installed. The local clay is the very best for brick purposes. Lumber is imported from British Columbia, Manitoba and Western Ontario. Building stone is obtained locally.

A LAND OF FRUIT.

The small variety of fruit, such as black and red currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries and plums, grow in profusion, with but very little attention at the hand of man, while black currants, gooseberries, saskatoon berries, raspberries, strawberries, black

of this farm is in crop; 150 acres last year yielded an average of 23½ bushels to the acre of wheat and realized \$1,460 in cash. Not bad for land that was purchased at \$10 per acre. The secret of Mr. Boulton's success lies in the fact that he is regarded by the farmers and is in fact, one of themselves. His success does not give him the "swelled head." He justly enjoys the confidence and esteem of the whole community. He has a very neat residence surrounded by shade trees of poplar and maple in the east end of the town. He recent-

tion to a general line of shelf and heavy hardware, carrying everything that is needed by the community in that line.

W. C. THORBURN, LUMBER AND GRAIN.

Mr. Thorburn, in addition to managing the hardware business of Thorburn & Sons, Limited, conducts a lumber and grain business. His extensive yard is well stocked with British Columbia, Manitoba and Ontario lumber, sash, doors and building materials. He also deals very extensively in wheat and other cereals, and Real Estate. He has a list of choice farms and town lots for sale.

JOHNSTON & PARSONS, GENERAL STORE.

The firm of Johnston & Parsons is



BOULTBEE'S FARM NEAR BROADVIEW, ASSA.



W. S. ASHE, BROADVIEW, ASSA.,
Notary and Conveyancer.

worthy of mention as being the most prominent of the younger and most aggressive merchants of the town. They have erected a neat business block on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Main Streets. This is well filled with a splendid new stock of dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, fancy goods, groceries, crockery, etc. The partnership was formed last year and consists of T. L. Johnston and J. W. Parsons, who were well and favorably known, the first having charge of the dry goods department and the last the grocery department in W. Thorburn & Sons general store. To build up their present splendid business was consequently a fairly easy task. The firm make a speciality of handling farm produce.

W. S. ASHE, REAL ESTATE.

Wm. Sandes Ashe came to Canada from the famous county of Dublin, in Ireland, in the year 1880, and settled at Birtle. He served with Boulton's scouts in the rebellion of 1885, taking part at Fish Creek and Batoche. He served in the Northwest Mounted Police, retiring in 1893 with the rank of sergeant. He has since studied law and was recently appointed Notary Public and Commissioner. Mr. Ashe has a good list of farms and town lots for sale. He is always ready to shew intending settlers, or investors, through the district, and to point out where a comfortable living may be made either by wheat growing, mixed farming or dairying.

A. CUTLER.

Mr. Cutler may be mentioned among the younger generation of progressive business men and one who is likely to make a mark for himself in the great West. He occupies a neat little build-

ing immediately south of the Canadian Pacific railway station, as a restaurant and fruit store. He also handles tobaccos and cigars. Mr. Cutler is an enthusiastic football player and is secretary-treasurer of the Broadview Football Club. He came to Canada, from England, in 1901 and started business last year.

SOME PIONEERS.

Peter S. Robertson, or, as he is lovingly called by a large circle of friends, "Uncle Pete," is the proprietor of the Broadview House. He came West from near Barrie, Ont., in the year 1877 and joined the survey party of the late Duncan Sinclair, one of the oldest pioneer surveyors of Manitoba, and was engaged in laying out the Indian reserves north of Lake Winnipeg. Mr. T. Drummond, the well-known surveyor, was an assistant of Mr. Sinclair at this time. In 1899 Mr. Robertson went east to Rat Portage, and erected the third building, a log house, in that place in which he conducted a boarding-house. He also operated a ferry between that town and what have developed into Norman and Keewatin. He came west in 1882, and erected the first part of the Broadview House in 1893, to which he has added from time to time. The Broadview House, now under the management of Mr. J. Brannan, is a well conducted hostelry. The meals are especially well served.



THE BROADVIEW HOUSE, BROADVIEW, ASSA.

He is also a practical watchmaker and is engaged in horse ranching and breeding thoroughbred Holstein cattle. Mr. Robinson finds both very profitable. The Holsteins are great milk givers, and the milk is rich in butter fat. One Holstein cow is said to be equal to two grade cows for dairying purposes. Mr. Robinson is also much interested in real estate. He owns some of the choicest business sites and several business buildings in the town.

CROOKED LAKE, INDIAN RESERVE.

The Crooked Lake Indian Reserve, north of Broadview, consists of 180 square miles, bordering on Crooked Lake and Round Lake. The Indians are engaged in mixed farming, and are very successful in their operations. Among the most successful may be



PREMISES OF A. R. COLQUHOUN & SON, BROADVIEW, ASSA.

ANGUS MCLEOD.

Mr. McLeod is another of the pioneers of the district. He came from Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, in the year 1882, and was engaged in farming south of the town for a number of years. He retired in 1898, and was overseer of the town for six years, retiring owing to advancing years.

R. ROBINSON, OVERSEER.

Mr. Robinson was recently elected overseer of the town of Broadview, by the unanimous consent of the ratepayers. He came to Canada, from Batley, near Leeds, Eng., in 1892, and has made considerable progress in this favored district. He conducts a photograph gallery and most of the cuts in this issue are from photographs by him.

mentioned Alex. Gaddie, who harvested 3,000 bushels of wheat last year. Mr. Gaddie has a complete set of modern machinery, 30 head of cattle, half-a-dozen Canadian horses and a number of Indian ponies. He is doing well in every respect. Nepapiness, Accouse, Zeck Le Rat, and Ambrose Deloine are also successful Indian farmers.

The Indian agent, Mr. Magnus Begg, a very efficient officer, recently died. At the time of writing, J. A. Sutherland was in charge of the agency. This gentleman has been engineer, blacksmith and miller instructor of the Indians under the Dominion Government for 18 years. He came to Canada from Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1872. He joined the Mounted Police at their organization in 1874, and served in the force for eight years. No one knows better than him how to handle the red man and bring out the best qualities that are in the aboriginal race.

Some 600 Indians live in families on the reserve. They have good buildings, have strong family ties and lead moral lives.

There is a grist mill, a steam threshing outfit and a steam circular saw for sawing firewood on the reserve.

There is a Roman Catholic mission at the east end of Crooked Lake, with a very fine school erected at a cost of \$10,000. Rev. Father Perrault is superintendent of this institution. There are 40 children boarders. The mission is equipped with a gasoline engine, and acetylene gas plant and water works. A gasoline boat, connected with the mission, plies on Crooked Lake.

There is a Presbyterian school at the east end of Round Lake, Rev. Hugh McKay is the principal. This gentleman has labored faithfully among the people for 20 years. He preaches to large congregations of Indians in the Mission Church every Sunday.

The Crooked Lake reserve consists of four reserves, named after present or former chiefs as follows: Oostapowes No. 71 (Crees); Kakawistha No. 72 (Crees); Cowesses No. 73, principally French-Canadian half-breeds, but treaty Indians; Sack-mayes No. 74 (Saulteux).

Morrison & Co.

Bankers

BROADVIEW, N. W. T.

Transact a General Bankers' Business.

Bonds and Debentures bought and sold.

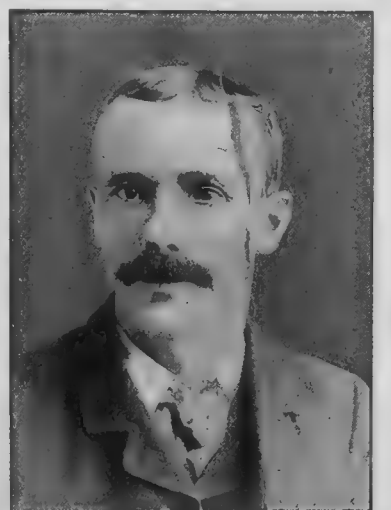
Collections made in all parts of the world.

AND

Drafts issued direct to all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, etc., payable in the currency of the country in which they are made payable. Collections receive special attention and remittance.

Cattle and Grain Exchange.

Taking everything into account, the Broadview district presents the very best advantages for settlement.



JAS. MORRISON, BANKER, BROADVIEW.



RESIDENCE OF CHAS. R. BOULTON, BROADVIEW, ASSA.



PLOWING IN WESTERN CANADA.

Wiggins' Motor Car.

(Continued from Page 5.)

known, for she always stoutly denies it whenever her husband accuses her of doing so.

Anyhow, the car moved and quickly settled down to an alarming speed, leaving the chauffeur, who had raised himself on to his elbow as the motor moved from over him, gazing after it in astonishment and dread of what might happen.

"Great snakes!" he cried, as he picked himself up and ran a few steps as though to overtake the flying vehicle, "the tarnation thing will kill all the three of 'em and bust itself too."

Realizing the fruitlessness of his attempts to catch the runaway, he desisted from such violent exercise as running and settled down into what, to him, was a brisk walk towards the town.

With many stops for breath and to wipe the streams of perspiration from his face, he had got over one mile of the distance, when he came upon Willie sitting on the sward and vigorously rubbing his shins.

He had been crying, as the tear stains down his dirty little cheeks bore witness to.

"What's up now, Willie?" his father cried as he came up to him.

"Maw ran the motey over that stone," pointing to a large boulder at the side of the road, "and I fell out."

Wiggins looked at the stone, wondered what effect it would have had on the tyres, and asked, as he bent down to examine the bruised shins:

"And what did your mother do when you fell out?"

Willie looked up as though greatly surprised at this question, and, still rubbing his leg with one hand, he pointed with the other away down the road to where the buildings of Kattspawe could be seen in the distance, and replied:

"Maw, paw! Oh, maw just went on ahead."

"The duce she did!" paw couldn't help saying to himself; then, telling his son, who was not very badly hurt, to go back to where he had left his fur coat and tools lying on the road and to stay there till he returned from town, he started to trudge along the re-

maining two miles of dusty road between him and town.

Mrs. Wiggins, as soon as she felt the car gaining speed, gave a loud yell of alarm and rose to her feet as though to jump out; but the lurching motion threw her back in a heap on the seat.

There she lay for a while in a half listless manner; the car, fortunately, keeping well to the road. A sudden shock, as though the vehicle was being overturned, and screams from Willie and Flossie, brought her back to the present again.

Looking back she discovered that the car had bounded over a large stone on the side of the road, and that Willie, crying lustily, lay alongside it, he having evidently been thrown out when the motor collided.

She scarcely had time to think about her son, as to whether he was hurt or not, for the car at this juncture seemed to become thoroughly bewitched. It dashed along, puffing and throbbing like a horse driven beyond its strength. Every stone or rut along the road appeared to draw the wheels like a magnet.

Flossie screamed, and flinging her arms round her mother's neck, held her as tightly as a drowning man does his rescuer.

"Maw, can't you stop it?" she cried fearfully.

The simple question startled Mrs. Wiggins into activity. "Of course; why didn't I think of it before?" she muttered, and reached out for the lever, jerking it this way and that. No use; something was radically wrong for the lever refused to act.

She then bethought herself of the steering wheel and clutched it; she had often told her husband steering was a simple matter, but she didn't think so any longer.

More by good luck than capability she managed several times to turn the motor aside when it seemed bent on running into the fences along the road; but the zig-zag wheeltracks behind was proof positive that the car was pursuing a most erratic course. At last they entered the town, and truly, as Mrs. Wiggins had surmised, though in a different manner to what she desired, they created a very great sensation.

Down the main street (this being a continuation of the road they had

travelled) the car dashed; pell-mell; lickety bang. Flossie with arms still twined round her mother's neck, whilst that lady, with eyes staring straight ahead, clung to the lever with both hands.

Horses tied in front of the stores threw up their heads, snorted fearfully and frantically tugged on their ropes as the car passed.

Other steeds, left unsecured by their negligent drivers, bolted in all directions, so that whilst one half of the populace stood gazing after the truant car, the other half were engaged in capturing runaway horses.

From every bye-street, hole and corner, dogs of all sizes and breeds darted out, yelping and barking, and gave chase. Joe Boggles, the baker's boy, was pushing his employer's hand van down the street, and right behind him the postmaster trundled his truck on which lay the day's mail which he was conveying to his office from the station.

Both these worthies saw the approaching car and endeavored to evade it; but, concluding that they could not save both themselves and their belongings, left each his van and truck in the road and bolted to the sidewalk.

A moment later the car swooped down on the van, struck the rear end of it and overturned it; the loaves of bread being distributed far and wide over the road, to the keen delight of the canine army, which stopped in its pursuit of the car to negotiate this appetizing shower.

A few feet more and the motor dashed into the truck, whizzing it around and sent it crashing into the van, his majesty's mails flying right and left among the bread and fighting dogs.

The car, skidded with the contact, darted across the street in the direction of a vacant lot, bounded over the sidewalk and headed for a slough on the outskirts of the town. Plunging into its limpid waters, it ploughed its way through the mud and slime till the water wetted Mrs. Wiggins's feet, and then, with a hiss and a spurt, it came to a stand-still.

Mrs. Wiggins then did a very curious thing. After all danger was passed she heaved a deep sigh and fainted. Flossie unlocked her arms from her mother's neck and commenced to cry.

By this time a large crowd had collected on the bank, and the town's

drayman, hired by Mr. Bland, who had come on the scene, drove into the slough, rescued the two motorists, who were put under the care of Mrs. Bland, and then towed the car up to the agent's warehouse.

A good hour later Wiggins, hot, footsore and weary, arrived in town. One of the first men he met was the baker, who informed him of the damage the motor had done in its mad career through town.

He showed him the fragments of his van and gently intimated to Wiggins that he would expect him to provide a new one.

Wiggins mumbled assent; he saw no way out of it, and proceeded to the Bland establishment.

Finding his wife quite recovered and not much the worse for her adventure, he went into the office and told Bland that the motor deal was off.

"Oh, come, Mr. Wiggins, you bought the car all right, and I can't take it back. Besides it will cost \$100 to repair it," said Bland, getting a trifle angry.

"I don't care a red cent," Wiggins declared, also getting angry; "I didn't buy it outright and I won't have it. I'll pay for the damage to the thing and no more."

Bland stormed and fumed and threatened, but Wiggins was obdurate.

"You told me to take the car on trial for two weeks and the goldarned thing has been trial enough already. I won't take it."

The agent climbed down as gracefully as he could and thought that he had better take the money Wiggins offered for the damage whilst he had the chance. No note had been signed and he was quite aware he had no hold on him.

Wiggins had to hire a livery to take his family home, and, in addition to paying \$100 for the motor's repairs, he had to pay the drayman, provide a new van and make good the loss of the bread to the baker, and compensate the postmaster for the wreck of his truck.

It is dangerous now for anyone to mention motors in Wiggins's hearing.

Bland has returned his automobiles to the factory as "the people of Kattspawe have not reached that degree of advancement to warrant them purchasing such things."



THRESHING IN WESTERN CANADA.

Winnipeg Sky Scraper.

In this issue we give views of the first steel structure erected in Winnipeg, known as the Union Bank building. It is a 12-story steel building and is being put up by the Thompson-Starrett Co., of New York, H. C. Hitch being the gentleman in charge of the construction. The work was commenced

material to the various flats travels at the rate of 300 feet a minute. Local labor is being used on the job. The views we give show the progress made from time to time.

"It is better to do good to those who are in need than to bestow benefactions on the opulent."



SEPTEMBER, 1903, showing the old buildings removed and excavation for the basement.

ed in September by clearing away the old buildings that stood on the spot. On October 10th, 1903, actual building operations began, the caissons being then started. The premises are to be completed by November 1st, and the total cost will be \$500,000. In the construction nine hundred tons of steel

"When the heart is heavy, and we suffer from depression or disappointment, how thankful we should be that we still have work and prayer left to comfort us. Occupation forcibly diverts the mind, prayer sweetly soothes the soul."



NOVEMBER, 1903, when the steel was commenced above ground.

will be used and one and three-quarter millions of brick. The facing brick is from Lac du Bonnet. The front of the bank will be finished in white terra-cotta, and also the window sills, heads and cornice. The walls are carried from one floor to another on the steel structure, so that each flat is independent of the other. Each piece of steel is cased in at least three inches of fire-proofing. Hundreds watch the work as it progresses. The three elevators which are used for carrying the

A Good Record.

We have been informed that at a recent insurance examination held in Toronto all the candidates who studied with the Canadian Correspondence College were successful. For two years the Canadian Correspondence College of Toronto has passed over 95 per cent. of their candidates in all examinations. It is also worth noting that less than 2 per cent. of their students drop their courses.



JANUARY, 1904, showing first columns in place.

Early Life in the West.

Experiences of W. G. Fonseca.

The following article is taken from an old copy of one of the Winnipeg dailies:

It was 40 years ago, those days of which I speak, when that old old-timer, William Gomez Fonseca, first set up his tent on the site of a future city. At that time the Hudson's Bay Company were almost the only traders, and the little church at Kildonan almost the only place of worship around, the battle of Seven Oaks had not been fought and Riel's rebellion was not dreamed of. Those were the good old

this contented them, and then they wanted to be getting at that firewater which they said we had. Of course, we denied the soft impeachment; but it was no good, so we showed them for themselves. Everywhere they searched, in the cellar, in the storehouse, rooting among the silks and cotton goods we had for sale, turning in mad disdain the packets of beads we carried with us, rummaging among the cases of provisions we relied on to see us through our journey; but that non-existent whiskey they could not locate. Fin-



FEBRUARY, 1904, showing first floor up and columns for the second storey. Also the overhead protection made above the sidewalk and the works' office at front.

days of the province, not then a province by-the-way, when the gentlemen adventurers held undisputed sway and the charter of Charles II. had never been amended by treaty or otherwise.

But they had their disadvantages, for, there being no C.P.R., there could be no Pullmans—the C.N.R. being of even later growth—no private cars and no royal trains to grace a ducal pilgrimage, and after go to England. Hence it came about that men perforce journeyed down nature's own highway and entered the promised land in fear and trembling on those flat-bottomed boats afterwards used to such good effect in laying the foundation of a future temple of Ceres.

Among the early voyagers was Mr. Fonseca. Born at Santa Croix, he was attracted to St. Paul and thence the "go fever," as Rudyard Kipling has so aptly termed it, brought him to Canada. Leaving the American city in the fall of 1859, he went north to Fort Abercrombie and wintered there.

"It was a regular rendezvous," he explained, in telling me of the matter a while back. "One met Indian traders, hunters who chased fur-bearing animals to their doom, whisky peddlers, white trash and white men, as miscellaneous a collection as one could wish to see. But it was a metropolis in its way. It was the centre among other things for hardy voyagers who would make a pilgrimage to the banks of the Red, and it was as such that I and my companions went there."

"We had a nasty experience," he added, ruminatively, casting his memory back over the interval of years, when the Sissississition Indians came along one day and demanded whisky. It seemed that some one had told them that we had a store. At all events, one fine morning we found the banks of the river opposite the old fort, in which we were, literally besieged with Redskins. We knew well enough what they wanted, although they were wise enough not to tell us, and so we invited a deputation across the dividing stream. They came, two stalwart bucks, and we entertained them royally. For a time

ally they went sorrowfully away and we went on our way rejoicing."

"It was a narrow escape," I commented.

"Yes," assented Mr. Fonseca, "narrow enough and only an escape at all I think, because we showed no fear and seemed disposed to let them go where and do what they liked. However, our rejoicings were short-lived, for, with a

MORE EVIDENCE FROM MONTREAL

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure Dropsy.

It is a Kidney Disease and is Cured by Curing the Kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills Never Fail to Cure the Kidneys.

Montreal, Que., June 10.—(Special).—Every day brings forth fresh proof that Dropsy is caused by diseased Kidneys and that one sure way to cure it is to make the Kidneys strong and healthy by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Geo. Robertson, 392 St. James Street, this city, is one of those who has proved this beyond the shadow of a doubt. Mr. Robertson says:

"My feet were so much swollen from Dropsy that when I got out of bed in the mornings I could hardly put them on the floor. My arms used to swell at times so that I could not put on my coat."

"I had to be tapped to relieve me of the terrible pains."

"On the advice of a friend I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had used the second box I began to feel better. Seven boxes cured me completely."

Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, are some of the many forms of Kidney diseases that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure promptly and permanently.

suddenness it pains me even to remember, we bethought ourselves of another party a mile or so away down the river. They had of the water which inebriates. Of course, we could not leave fellow-whites in the lurch, and accordingly we made haste to reach that place before the Indians looked in for a drink."

"When we got there," he said, "we found those other fellows standing on

the trap of their cellar, surrounded by a surging mob of Indians, but the whisky was safe."

What happened next probably no one of the little party ever rightly knew. At all events Mr. Fonseca switched off on a new point and began to tell me what happened after the drink fiend had been banished. It seems that the commercial spirit was strong upon him in those days, for the whole thing ended

in those angry savages adjourning in a body to the fort and swapping skins with the white men. No one was killed, and the liquor, if, by-the-way, there was any, remained a part of the stock in trade of the men who had danced so well upon their cellar flap.

But all this is a digression. I started out to tell you how Mr. Fonseca came to Winnipeg, for his initial journey was so like that of all the early fathers that it may serve as a type to adorn the tale withal.

The long winter ended and with it ended, too, the long wait at that outpost of Uncle Sam away in the then desolate territory of Dakota. The opening of spring found the little party all ready for a move forward. They had employed their time well and prepared the means of transport. Thus, when the ice finally floated away down

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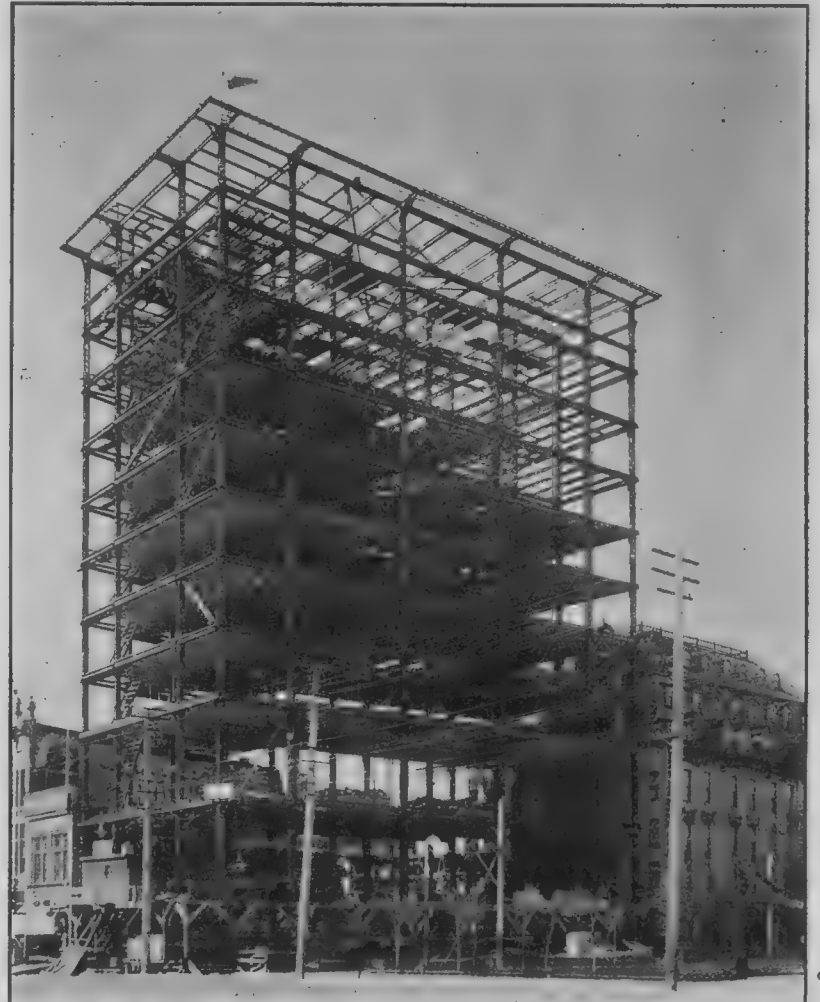
of a forest giant. Then suddenly, on rounding a curve, the night grew light as day, the background of sombre hills clothed still with trees stood out in dark array outlined sharply against a mass of blazing poplars and willows which, casting their reflections on the ice-studded river, made it difficult to see where fire ended and where water began. The voyagers would fain have turned back, for, cold as was the water and chilly as the night had been, the heat from the shore grew tropical in its density.



MARCH, 1904, showing the second floor sills in place and columns to the third floor. This was the heaviest month for snow, but construction continued right along.



APRIL, 1904 This was taken the day after the front corner column was put up to the full height. The men shown are workmen employed on the building. The pieces projecting out are the hoists used in carrying the various pieces of steel from the ground upwards.



MAY, 1904. This shows the main part of the steel work in place. It also shows five of the floors covered in.

the river they were all ready to follow it into the wilderness. The cold weather had been occupied in part in making ready the boats which were to take the traders and their stock to the new land. Now all that remained to do was to pack them high with the trophies of the mart and shouting "All aboard," start on the venturesome cruise.

All the way the frail craft jostled with the lumps of newly loosened ice, and from the banks flopped minx, mud turtles and otters, splash splash, keeping time, as it were, to the slow movements of the boats. There was enough animal life along those banks during that voyage to make the fortunes of a race of hunters those days, but there were none to profit then. One night, just as it was getting dark, the little party ran in between the banks floating down in the centre of the stream, at a point where the bank and river were even more than usually defined. For miles back the dull, red glow of a mighty conflagration had shone resplendent in the sky, the roar of devouring flames had struck terror to their hearts and the shooting sparks, like blazing stars, marked the downfall

But, willy-nilly, their course must lie onward. Their craft was not amenable to close sailing. It did well enough for down stream work, but tacking against the current was one of the things of which it was not capable. Steering, then, a middle course, and shielding themselves as opportunity allowed, they floated onward through the midst of a burning forest, their hearts in their mouths and half expecting each moment to be their last. There was no real danger, for the Red is a mighty river; but it seemed that night as though the end of all things had arrived and the world was going up in smoke. Wait but long enough, however, and the worst must have an end. So it was with the passage of the fiery stream, for the current flowed swiftly then as now, and the trembling pioneers were quickly carried beyond the blaze. The rest of the journey passed without incident, and soon after Mr. Fonseca tied his boat where Winnipeg now stands. "I felt," he said, "that there, if anywhere in the wilderness which girt one, a city would one day spring into existence, and I determined to be there to see."

John Broderick's Cure for Drunkenness.

My cure for the Liquor Habit cures the Disease of Drunkenness. Write for the story of my cure, sent free.

JOHN BRODERICK'S AGENCY.

P. O. Box 177, WINNIPEG.

Mention this paper.



THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE.

Boys and Girls

At the Swimming Hole.

It was June. A soft air welled up from the Southland and transformed the nervous cottonwood leaves into a dancing company of gnomes as the branches swayed in the passing breeze.

Just below the yellow sand bar, where the shadow of the giant cottonwoods fell at high noon, was a smooth place on the river bank, trodden bare of grass by the feet of the crowd of boys who went swimming there from the moment in the spring when the last cake of ice disappeared around the bend below until the still stretch of deep water was locked by the Frost King the following fall.

These boys who dwelled along the river from daylight till dark during the summer months were nothing more nor less than the growing junior population of a western town, which had gone through the various stages of town luck, from location, to brick pavement and waterworks.

Now, boys in their way, are not so much different from grown up boys who play at money making. They have their joys and troubles, their good and bad traits, their rights and laws of boydom, all unwritten, of course, but none the less stringent on that account. If this were not a fact, this story would never have been written, because the whole action revolves about the fact that Jimmie Bell had been guilty some time before of playing hookey from school, which is a crime under boydom laws and is punishable in several ways.

It chanced that "Sap" Williams' sister Belle had seen the fugitive and with a girl's devotion to duty and a righteous idea of righting an offence against the trust of authority, had told the

teacher. This proceeding immediately created serious trouble for Master Bell and before it had ended he had undergone a smarting rebuke in the shape of a "lickin'" from the "principal," whose room constituted a court of last appeal and who usually executed his own sentences on the offender's person. Jimmie was humiliated in the eyes of the whole school and deep down in his heart he hated Belle Williams with a fiery volcanic rage. He wanted to "lick" her so badly that it hurt him, but he couldn't do that because Belle was a girl—therefore, exempt from the extreme punishment of a "lickin'" under the laws of all boydom. However, she was not exempt from the caustic tongue of Jimmie, and was soon told in no select terms, just what her position was in the eye of Jimmie in particular and of the boys in general, for every boy hates a "tattle-tale" with a wholesome, fervid hate that brooks no restraint.

When Jimmie came sullenly from the schoolyard, the evening after his degradation, it was only to hear the girls laugh and say, "E-e! Got a lickin'! Got a lickin'! E-e-e! Little boy got a lickin'!"

"Oh, shut up—you ain't no better'n I am. You do things every day just's bad, on'y nobody didn't ketch yeh," Jimmie retorted, savagely.

That was where the shoe pinched; it was the getting caught that hurt more than the lickin' in the eyes of the boys and if Belle Williams hadn't "tattled." Jimmie would have suffered no punishment. It was the "tattle-tale" that made him mad and all the other boys naturally sympathized with the culprit because if there is a "tattle-tale" in school, who is safe? No hand was raised in Belle's behalf then, among the boys, when the children left the school that night and Jimmie called Belle "tattle-tale" and "baby" until she began to cry and through her tears, gave him to understand that her brother "Sap" would "lick" him on sight for the indignities

heaped on her. This was equivalent to a declaration of war.

Several weeks had passed since then and the two boys had been keeping out of each other's way. Today they met for the first time down at the sandbar by the swimming hole. Jimmie was "in" when "Sap" came down with a crowd of other boys and found him stretched on the hot sand. Their eyes met. The other boys glanced from one to the other, but said nothing. "Sap" walked towards Jimmie, who jumped

up and stood on the defensive, though making no hostile move.

"Say, what'd you make Belle cry for?" asked "Sap," as he stopped in front of Jimmie.

"Didn't," said the other.

"Did, too. Lots of the fellers seen yeh. Didn't he Cusley? Didn't he Poo Gee?"

"Well, she didn't have no business to tattle on me." (Nods of approval from the spectators—these not lost on Jimmie.)



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"THE WRESTLERS."

Intermission at the Carberry, Man., Intermediate School.

"That's all right—you didn't have no business to make a girl cry, anyhow, 'n you're goin' to get licked fer it right now," said "Sap," lunging for the gleaming sunburned little figure before him.

Jimmie ducked and returned the blow as quick as a flash, for he was a supple youngster and ready to take his own part if he thought his rights were being trampled upon. They clinched and began a struggle that was a mixture of blows, bites, kicks and grunts. Jimmie, being naked, offered very little hold for "Sap" in a clinch, a fact that "Sap" realized after he had received several stinging blows in the face. This made him break away from the clinch, but Jimmie followed up his advantage until "Sap" was forced back among the willows at the edge of the sandbar. Instinctively "Sap" grasped a piece of broken branch that lay on the ground and with this he turned back. It was now Jimmie's time to retreat, as "Sap" rushed after him with the stick.

"Here! Here! Fight fair! No sticks! Drop it!"

A dozen boys pounced on "Sap" and disarmed him. This made an armistice and gave the combatants time to breathe.

"Yer a coward—that's what yeh are," said Jimmie, with flashing eyes.

"Yer a liar," promptly replied "Sap."

"Don't you call me a liar 'r I'll beat yer head off."

"Yer 'fraid to try it. You can't lick a sick kitten—"

"Can't, huh? Got you licked right now, you big, long-laigged shanghai, you!"

"Yer a liar."

"Yer a double one."

Then they came together again and the blows rained thick and fast. Jimmie being naked, was quicker on his feet than his adversary and though smaller, worried "Sap" to such an extent that he was obliged to withdraw again for breath, but Jimmie was not pleased to permit this, so he followed "Sap" again, raining blows thick and fast until "Sap" turned and fought back so vigorously that he was forced to retreat.

"Sap" was too winded to follow up his advantage and besides, Jimmie, with a last vicious blow, brought blood streaming from "Sap's" nose and showed him stars in such numbers that he was dazed.

Jimmie was disposed to follow up his part of the battle and "lick" "Sap" until he should "holler nuff," but the spectators would not allow this after blood appeared and "Sap" was too much disabled to continue, so the battle was a draw, which satisfied the honor on both sides and left the combatants neutral, though each boasted how he had "licked" the other, and for many weeks there was much open "daring" on each side and a generous bestowal of "names" and other talk calculated

to be very obnoxious, but there was no outbreak of hostilities again. As time went on both boys cooled down and presently forgot their differences until the time came when they lolled in naked company on the gleaming sand there where the cottonwoods threw a grateful shade at midday and when I saw them last they were happy and contented—just "in swimmin'" with the crowd.—Field and Stream.

A Good Lover.

This is one thing I write unto you, love-bewildered girls: All men make good lovers, while they are about it. The expressions of courtship go for little. How many roses does he bring? How many kisses does he give? These are not the questions. Are his vows ardent? Are his letters affectionate? These matter less than it would be possible to make you believe.

But what kind of a son is he to an

Ladies! Our Silk Collars, trimmed with lace, are giving great satisfaction. Order to-day to be in the fashion. **10c. each, or 3 for 25c.**

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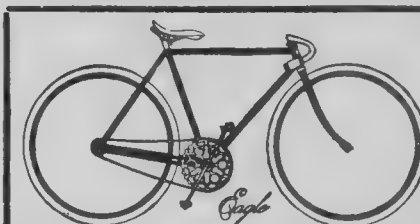
HONORABLE MAN, with moderate means, would like to correspond with widow with small farm or nice home. Blonde preferred. One or two small children not objected to. Strictly confidential. No agents. Letter, with photo, to be addressed to W.N.A., care Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

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Married in January's hoar and rime, Widowed you'll be before your prime. Married in February's sleety weather, Life you'll tread in tune together. Married when March winds shrill and roar, Your home will lie on a foreign shore. Married 'neath April's changeable skies, A checkered path before you lies. Married when bees o'er May blooms flit, Strangers around your board will sit. Married in month of roses—June, Life will be one long honeymoon. Married in July, with flowers ablaze, Bitter-sweet memories in after days. Married in August's heat and drowse, Lover and friend in your chosen spouse.



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State whether you wish Men's or Ladies' Bicycle, height of frame and gear wanted, and we will send you this **High Grade 1904 Model Eagle Bicycle** by express C.O.D. subject to examination. You can examine it thoroughly at your Express Office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented a **GENUINE EAGLE BICYCLE, HIGH GRADE, 1904 MODEL**—pay to the Express Agent the balance due—**\$29.00**—and Express

Charges. The express charges are only 50 to 75 cents for each 500 miles. No extra charge for Ladies' Bicycles. **EVERYONE KNOWS THE EAGLE BICYCLE.** They are Highest Grade wheels made; big favourites with best Bicycle Clubs; the leading wheel with professional riders. Built on honor, finish joints, finest hanger, hubs and bearings, highest grade equipment. Fitted with Dunlop double Tube Tires. Heights of frame—Men's 20, 22 and 24 in.—Ladies' 20 and 22 in.—enamelled Black. **WE OFFER** splendid chance to a good agent in each town. Send for catalogue and ask for Agents' Discounts. **Wheels slightly used, \$8.00 to \$25.00. Secure Agency at once.**

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aged or a lonely father? Is he patient with an unattractive, an ailing, even a nagging mother? Do you know how he treats his sister?—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

No man has yet been discovered who has the moral courage to buy complexion cream for his wife without explaining to the salesman.

Married in golden September's glow, Smooth and serene your life will flow. Married when leaves in October thin, Toil and hardship for you begin.

Married in veils of November mist, Dame Fortune your wedding ring has kissed.

Married in days of December's cheer, Love's star burns brighter from year to year.



C. N. R. ELEVATORS, PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of the Monthly. Answers will appear in the July issue.

Puzzle.

1. c e e n n m m , h h ; o o t t s . l
y r w—a popular magazine.

2.—y y u r y y u b l c u r y y for me.

3.—Who always sits with his hat on before a queen?

4.—Diamond—

- a.—In print.
- b.—A color.
- c.—Something to write on.
- d.—Something fishermen use.
- e.—In print.

5.—Fill in the dots with missing letters and you will have the names of four well-known presidents of the United States:

. . O . A . . J . . F . . S . . ,
J . . N . . U . . C . . A . . M . . ,
A . . A . . A . . L . . C . . N ,
W . . L . . A . . M . . I . . L . .

6.—What is it that likes to be in Germany, but not in France; it's in all kinds of metals, but not in pots, pans nor kettles; it's in lumber, but not in any tree; it's not in you, but it's in me.

7.—My first is in song, but not in note.

My second is in wrong, but not in spite.

My third is in lake, but not in pool.

My fourth is in rake, but not in tool.

My fifth is in start, but not in walk.

My sixth is in heart, but not in talk.

My seventh is in strength, but not in strong.

My eighth is in breath, but not in long.

My ninth is in worm, also in fire.

My tenth is in storm, but not in mire.

My whole is what most young people desire.

8.—What is it that never sleeps, never eats, is always in one place, and always in motion.

9.—Why is a much coveted lady like a hub of a wheel?

10.—Down in yonder meadow I grew.

The axe did me destroy,
Living I am, dead I am,
But now I sing for joy.

11.—Why is the Brandon post office like the Assiniboine River?

12.—Word square—

* * * *
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* * * *
* * * *

ALL RUN DOWN BY SPRING SICKNESS

WOMEN Thousands of women run down and become invalids before they realize anything is wrong. This is especially true at spring time.

Winter leaves the blood thin and impoverished; weakness creeps in, headaches grow more severe, a dead tiredness makes life almost a burden.

By permitting your low vitality to develop you court the dangers of pneumonia, fever, and the manifold ills common to the spring season.

You make it all the harder to get well by putting off. Act now, to-day. Get a supply of the great tonic Ferrozone, which will bring back your lost health and vigor.

MEN feel the effect of a hard winter even more than their wives. They are locked up all day in poorly ventilated, badly heated offices, which conduces to poverty of the blood, nervousness and deranged digestion.

Business men find it hard to get restful sleep. They wake up in the morning just as tired as when they retired. Both mental and physical exhaustion are the result.

The whole system needs repairing. It must be revitalized, renewed, built up with nourishing blood. A food tonic like Ferrozone is needed to fortify the enfeebled energies.

BUILD UP WITH FERROZONE

Ferrozone is both a food and a medicine. **It contains iron** for the blood in a form that can be readily appropriated; it also **contains phosphorus**, an absolute necessity for both brain and nerve cell development.

The exceptional tonic properties of Ferrozone make it invaluable to everyone in poor health. It makes strong, rich blood, firm muscles, gives staying power to the nerves, renews ambition.

Ferrozone is a genuine invigorator that will banish weakness and establish robust good health. To get well and stay use Ferrozone and beware of all substitutes. Price 50c. per box or six for \$2.50, at all druggists, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

FERROZONE

Gave New Strength

Miss Dorothy E. Leduc, of Chester, gives the following convincing evidence of Ferrozone's power: "My work compels me to rise early in the morning and work ten hours daily as a saleslady. Last spring I was run down, lost my color and fell off in weight. I seemed to lack ambition and the life was out of me. A friend recommended Ferrozone, and I took one tablet after meals with wonderful results. Ferrozone brought back my complexion and has given me new strength and abundance of energy and spirits. I would advise all young ladies to use Ferrozone."

Mrs. H. G. Wilder, of Dexter, says: "My daughter was not very well last winter, and lost her strength completely when the spring came. I gave her Ferrozone, and am glad to say it did wonders. After six boxes were used my daughter was strong, and looked the picture of health."



Cured General Debility

"Before taking the first box of Ferrozone," writes Mrs. Annie Jeffry, of Sandy Cove, N. S., "my condition was deplorable. Though I employed the most skilful medical aid, I grew steadily weaker. In fact, I was in such a low condition that it was impossible for me to walk across the room. My heart was very weak, and I suffered from terrible palpitations, which the doctors said were from troubles peculiar to women. Friends urged me to try Ferrozone, and I bought six boxes. When I had used the third box my old-time vigor and strength returned. The palpitation ceased, my appetite increased, and I got a good rosy color in my cheeks. It would be impossible to speak too highly of Ferrozone. All weak women should use it. I hope many suffering sisters will use Ferrozone, for it will surely cure them."

13.—A man has eight gallons of milk in an eight gallon can; he has also two more measures, a five and a three. Two men come for four gallons each. How does he measure it exactly without guessing?

Answers to May Puzzles.

1. Leap-frog.
2. Because he took a great prophet (prophet) out of the water.
3. A ball of yarn.
1. W-heat.
5. Corn.
6. B-ear-d.
7. Too cross you are, too cross you be, I see you are too cross for me.
8. XII; draw a line through the centre.

9. Add two matches to the first and third matches and three to the fourth, and you have NINE.

10. 75 3-6

—100.

24 9-18

11. Pineapple.

12. His reaper.

Prize Winners.

Abram Braun, Altona, Man.
Clarence R. Golladay, Chicago, Ill.
Eldon Hannah, Killarney, Man.
Sarah Miskiman, Broadview, Assa.
DeWitt Kirby, Madford, Man.
John Weibe, Altona, Man.
Jacob E. Funk, Altona, Man.
Mrs. Irma Anderson, Killarney, Man.

Peter P. Funk, Altona, Man.
John Usher, Lintrathen, Man.
Annie McKay, Winnipeg.
John Bailey, Roland, Man.
Jennie Neilson, Wellwood, Man.
Hannah Jane Byer, Swan River, Man.

Eva Hope, Melita, Man.
Matilda J. McAuley, Purves, Man.
Mary Dryden, Union Point, Man.
Albert Rusk, Lily Oak, Ont.
P. J. Hooge, Altona, Man.
Mrs. W. Dunbar, Napinka, Man.
Isaac Toews, Kleefeld, Man.
Grace E. Toll, Crossfield, Alta.
Nellie Thompson, Sourisford, Man.
G. M. Graham, Rosebank, Man.
Calder Munro, Miami, Man.
J. Johnson, Poplar Park, Man.
Ernest Forsberg, Ohlen, Assa.



VIEW OF SELKIRK, MANITOBA

The Home

Making Home Pleasant.

How many mothers realize the full meaning and importance of those words. It should be the aim of every mother to make the home pleasant for all; the one place to which each and every member of the family may return with feelings of happiness. The place where the little ones may safely bring their little companions, knowing well mother will not care but will take an interest in their childish

the day are thrown aside and with his wife and children gathered round him, he is content. Pleasant indeed, is such a home, and no one in the home is so loved and revered as the dear mother who makes it so.

How to Clean Tins and Glass-ware.

I once asked a little French scullery maid whether she was using soap on her pans. "O, Jamais, madame," with an expressive shrug. In France the traditional experimental methods still linger, but in the decadence of such old-fashioned methods with us—when our tins were cleansed with



THE SETTLER'S FIRST HOME.

Shanty and other buildings on the farm of L. Folding, near Millwood, Man.

sports, even perhaps joining with them, in a quiet way. The place where the daughter can come with her little troubles and confidences, always sure of mother's ready ear and mother's gentle words of comfort. The place where the young man, just starting out in life, meeting with so many temptations and discouragements can come, where the mother with her kind words of sympathy and wise counsel can do so much toward keeping him in the right way and strengthen his character for the coming years. The place where the husband and father turns as a haven of rest, where all the vexatious cares of

wood-ashes, the various patented soaps have invaded American kitchens and are being promiscuously applied to surfaces for which they have no affinity. The grease or fat which is the basis of all soaps, will combine with textile fibers but will not combine with polished surfaces. It forms on these a glaze or scum which is very difficult to remove; and is, in fact, not removed. Hence the peculiar flavor we call flat in coffee—the flavor of soap that may often be detected in a glass of apparently clear water, and the mal-odorous smell of frying that greets the nostrils even on the sill of many houses. It is soap

Orange Meat

The delectable breakfast cereal dish.
Scientifically prepared and ready to eat.

MADE IN CANADA

From the

**Best Canadian Wheat
Grown in Canadian Fields**

and combined with malt honey by a new process.
Served with cream and sugar.

DELICIOUS

SATISFYING

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

that, failing to combine with the frying pan, has entered readily into combination with the fat in the pan and sends forth this sickening odor. How often have I heard wonder expressed at the appetizing smells of French cooking. It is done in lard or butter and not in soap.

There is a simple scientific formula that will cover all the subject of kitchen cleaning, namely, use soaps which contain fats and alkalies, with all textile fibers of soft porous wood, such as pine tables, floors, etc., and some form of potash or acid with all polished surfaces. Never use soap in a coffee-pot or frying-pan.

Acids are best for glass, but the danger of strong acids renders them undesirable. If, however, a good housekeeper will keep some form of lump acid in a jar and prepare a weak solution, the cleaning of glass will be greatly facilitated, and well rinsed, the glass will take a bright polish.—House Beautifier.

Time for Cooking Fruits.

Blackberries—Boil moderately about 6 minutes; plums, 10 minutes; raspberries, 6 minutes; cherries, 5 minutes; strawberries, 8 minutes; pieplant, sliced, 10 minutes; Bartlett pears, halved, 20 minutes; small sour pears, whole, 30 minutes; peaches, halved, 8 minutes; peaches, whole, 15 minutes; pineapple, 2-in. slice, 15 minutes; Siberian or crab apples, whole, 25 minutes; sour apples, quartered, 10 minutes; ripe currants, 6 minutes; tomatoes, quartered, 60 minutes.

I could not ask for you a greater gift than that in the future, when your autumn time of life shall come, you may have the springtime in your heart. There is only one life where the new never becomes old, where the love is always fresh and is always a first love with increasing freshness; and that is having the one who says, "I am the life!"—Margaret Bottoms.



A TURN-OUT OFTEN SEEN ON THE SOUTH END STREETS OF WINNIPEG.

Our Own Standard.

He was wise who wrote, "Half the sting of poverty or of small means is gone when one keeps house for one's own comfort, and not for the comment of one's neighbors."

Deny it as we will, few of us have the moral force to set up a standard of our own, based upon our own incomes and our own particular home environment. We commit the folly of regulating our expenses by the income of some one else. If the Browns across the street hang up expensive lace curtains, we are discontented until lace curtains have gone up to our windows, no matter how much smaller our income may be than that of the Browns. If the Smiths put down a velvet carpet our neat and pretty ingrain becomes an eyesore to us. We are extremely mindful of what our neighbors will think about many things that ought not to concern them in the least. We have no standards of our own. Our dress, and even our tables, must be regulated by the standards of others. We have not the courage nor the independence to be indifferent to the comment of our neighbors. This form of moral cowardice is causing many families to live beyond their incomes. They can face debt and forfeit their self-respect easier than they can face the unfavorable comment of their friends and neighbors. The extent to which this imitation of others is carried would be ludicrous did it not bring so much unhappiness in its train. It is frequently the direct cause of the discord and discontent and debt that have driven happiness from the family hearth-stone. Let us have a standard of our own, based upon our own tastes, our own incomes, our own needs, and let us cheerfully and bravely adhere to this standard, heedless of that dreadful bugbear, "What will the neighbors say?"

Making and Using Yeast.

I do not believe in home-made yeast, but realizing that many housewives are too great a distance from the city or town to procure the best yeast in good condition I would say that an ordinary plain potato yeast is the best, though it takes a long time to make bread with it. The housewife must set her sponge at night if she uses potato yeast, and then give the next morning to the finishing.

Pare four good-sized potatoes, and soak them in cold water for thirty minutes. Put one quart of boiling water into a saucepan, grate the potatoes quickly into the boiling water, stand over the fire and stir constantly for five minutes. Take from the fire, add half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt; mix and turn into stone jar; cover with a saucer or plate, and stand aside until lukewarm; then add half a cup of good yeast or two dry yeast cakes that have been dissolved in half a pint of warm water, or one compressed yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm water. Cover again and stand in a warm place for three or four hours, stirring down every time it comes to the top of the vessel. When the fermentation has ceased put the yeast into a jar or large bottle, something that may be tightly covered, and stand where it will keep cool, but not



LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

freeze, until wanted. In cold weather it will keep at least a month; in summer, if kept in a cool place, two weeks. Save one cupful of this yeast to start with next time. When making bread use one cupful to each quart of liquid.—Mrs. Rorer.

Cheerfulness.

Every sunshiny morning ought to teach us something about cheerfulness—its value and its influence. It is so much easier for us all to begin our daily labors, when, as we have drawn our shades for our first look on the world, the sun has made up a cheerful salutation.

It is so much easier for all to meet our daily perplexities when the faces about the breakfast table are unclouded, and the friend who passes us in the street does so with a cheerful nod and a smile. Indeed, so potent are the influences of others upon us at this time that one is sometimes inclined to believe that one of the unpardonable sins in life is being cross in the morning!

We sometimes imagine that virtues, even those which win our respect, do not require cheerfulness, that they are too big for such little considerations. But are they, in reality, of much value without it? To resign a pleasure for the sake of another is a commendable act; but the power of our sacrifice is lost when we make it with a sigh. Even a child unconsciously resents the act. A crying baby can never be stilled by an irritable nurse, or a mother who is in a hurry to go.

Cheerfulness is a power in itself, and does the work of a hundred virtues, since it includes them all. Cheerfulness is not noisy, nor obtrusive, nor ever-smiling. Nor yet is it an attribute of the careless and the unintelligent. It is a quality of character, born of serenity, and of faith in some, of temperament in others, of unselfishness in all. Excellence never wins a following without it, and courage becomes only a brutal attribute. Even heroism robbed of it loses the force of its own example. Cheerfulness is an attitude of the soul, consciously taken but unconsciously held.

Why Tumblers are so Called.

How many times a day do we use words without stopping to think what they mean! Every day at luncheon and at dinner we drink out of a tumbler. But I, for one, never thought why the large glass that holds our milk or water was so called until once upon a time I happened to have luncheon at All Soul's College, Oxford, where the curiosity of all the strangers present was excited by a set of the most attractive little round bowls of ancient silver, about the size of a large orange. These, we were told, were "tumblers," and we were speedily shown how they came by their name.

When one of these little bowls was empty it was placed upon the table, mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floor, balanced carefully on its side—up it rolled again and settled itself, with a few gentle shakings and swayings, into its place.—Selected.

A paste made of plaster of paris and well-beaten white of egg will mend valuable china, so that the joint is hardly visible. But it must be washed quite clean first.

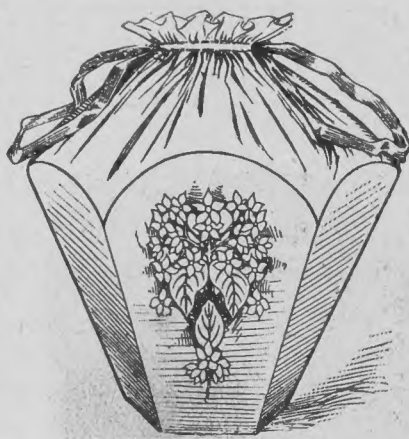
To soften brushes that have become hard, soak them twenty-four hours in raw linseed oil and rinse them out in hot turpentine, repeating the process until clean, or wash them in hot soda and water and soft soap.

When a spoonful of borax is put into the last water in which white clothes are rinsed, it has the effect of whitening them. Before it is added to the rinsing water the borax should be dissolved in a little hot water.

Seasonable

Work Bag.

This pretty work bag is in the shape of the popular scrap basket of the season. The panels are covered neatly on both sides with linen, or are prettily made up in cretonne with the quaint Dutch designs and figures which are so fashionable now for fancy work articles. The upper part of the bag is of plain color and is divided so that when the shirring is loosened the inside of the bag is exposed, and on each panel is a



pocket for separate pieces of work—the needle book, scissors, thimble and necessary articles for working. If covered with plain linen decorate the panels with embroidery or water-color paint.

How to Hang a Picture.

Too little attention is generally given to the hanging of pictures. The traditional way is usually adhered to, the pictures being so hung as to tip forward at various angles with the wall. This alone disturbs the eye, and when shadows are cast from the pictures on to the wall they are unpleasantly obtrusive. Pictures should be hung as nearly vertical—flat against the wall—as possible. The best effect is given by using two hooks, so that two vertical lines of wire appear instead of the triangular piece resulting when but one hook is used. Where pictures are thus hung vertically in a room the walls retain their quiet, architectural appearance, and the effect is restful.—Home Journal.

Tongue Sandwiches.

Boil slowly a good sized tongue four or five hours and leave it in the pot until the water is cold, then skin it, and when ready to make the sandwiches, cut it as thin as wafers, using a sharp thin-bladed knife. Rub a small quantity of mustard into a lump of sweet butter; cut slices of bread very thin; spread them with the prepared butter and lay the slices of tongue between two slices of bread, then cut the slices in halves.

Poached Eggs.

Break an egg into a cup, taking care not to bruise the yolk. Turn into a pan of boiling salted water and with a spoon pour water over egg until there is a film over the top and the white is firm. Place the egg on a well-browned slice of toast, season with pepper. Serve hot.

Souffle of Chicken.

Cut the meat from the breast of an uncooked chicken, mince, pound and pass it through a sieve, then mix in half a pint of very stiff whipped cream, salt to taste, pepper; add some minced mushrooms or truffles; put this mixture into a buttered mould and steam twenty minutes, then turn out and serve with supreme sauce poured over it.



There is a certain nine year old kid in this city who is keeping a diary. The book was given him last Christmas by a relative, and his father had forgotten all about it until he accidentally found the volume the other day. Curious to see what his small son had written in it, he opened the book and found that the diary had been faithfully kept. Here are a few of the entries:

"I am nine years old today. Looked in the glass, but whiskers ain't sproutin' yet."

"Sassed a boy. Got lickt."

"Pop borrid ten cents for carfair. That makes \$1.15 he owes me. Wonder if 'e ever get it."

"Jimmie—stole my ball. I lickt him for it."

"Ast Pop for some of my money and he giv me a nickil. I want that doler."

"We feloes got up a base ball club today. Ime pitcher. If I had that doler 15 I could get a unaform."

"Pop got paid today and giv me my money."

"Mamma borrid a doler. Bother these people anyway. A feloe cant save nothin'."

"Ast Pop about banks. I want to put my money ware carfair aint so skarse."

"Got lickt again."

There was more of this, but "Pop" had read enough. As a result, there was a conference, and now the arrangement is to pay five per cent. a week interest, and settle every payday. The kid got his "unaform."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"What beats a good wife?"

"A bad husband."

Annie—"A Turkish woman does not know her husband until she has married him."

Nell—"No woman does."



"I had reached a point where nothing more could be done."

Little Tom—"Gosh, I wish I had that five cents back that I spent for candy."

Little Fred—"What would you do with it?"

Little Tom—"Buy some more."

Wife: "Do you think Tommy disturbs our neighbor with his drum?"

Husband: "I'm afraid so; the man next door made him a present of a nice new knife today, and suggested that Tommy should cut open the drum and spend the money that is inside."

A high churchman and a Scotch Presbyterian minister had been at the same church. The former asked the latter if he did not like the "Introits."

He replied, "I don't know what an introit is."

Said the churchman, "But did you not enjoy the anthem?"

He replied, "No, I did not enjoy it at all."

"I am very sorry," said the churchman, "because it was used in the early church; in fact it was originally sung by David."

"Ah," said the Scotchman, "then that explains the Scripture. I can understand now, if David sung it at that time, why Saul threw his javelin at him."

The Elkhorn District.

(Continued from Page 10.)

oats average from 50 to 70 bushels to the acre.

PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.

The experience of J. Grant may be given to illustrate what can be accomplished by hard-working and determined men, even without capital. He came to the province in 1900, worked out for one year, and then rented a half section of land near Elkhorn; stocked with three horses and implements. The first year he threshed nearly 1,000 bushels of wheat and 400 bushels of oats. Last year he had 110 acres in wheat which yielded 2,500 bushels; 25 acres in oats yielded 1,400 bushels. Mr. Grant now owns 7 horses, 3 cows and a set of modern implements, etc. He has supported a family of 11, and is naturally well pleased with the progress he has made in the country.

WASHAKADA INDIAN HOME.

The Washakada Indian Home is located at Elkhorn. The history of the home explains why the school came to be located here. Rev. E. F. Wilson, founder and principal of the Indian home at Sault Ste. Marie, for 25 years, after a journey through the Northwest in 1885, issued a pamphlet strongly urging the need of a school. Mr. Rowswell, of Elkhorn, subscribed the first \$1,000 required. The Dominion government also made a grant.

The institution was opened on June 10th, 1888, with four pupils and one teacher. These first children stood the new and unusual life for twelve days, and then all ran away together. Other children, however, arrived, and the work proceeded. The institution was given its name, "The Washakada Indian Home" out of compliment to Mr. Rowswell, whose Indian name was "Washakada," meaning "all that is good."

A disastrous fire in November, 1895, destroyed three of the principal buildings and gave the work a bad set-back, which, however, fortunately turned out to be a blessing in disguise. for the Dominion government decided to erect suitable buildings, and purchased 320 acres of land immediately adjoining the town, to replace the old site which was in the centre of the town,—it being decided that farming was the most important occupation to be taught in this great agricultural country. The corner stone was laid September 4th, 1897, by A. E. Forget, then Indian commissioner, now Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, who highly eulogized the Rev. E. F. Wilson, the founder of the institution, and father of the present principal, for the untiring efforts he had made in the interest of the Indians and their children. The lieutenant-governor also spoke very highly of the present principal, Mr. A. E. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson. The new building is a substantial and commodious structure, which, together with the residence of the principal and a number of out-buildings, are an ornament to the town and a credit to the Dominion. The arrangements of the buildings are such as will give the greatest comfort to the staff and pupils, being divided into school rooms, dormitories, dining hall, kitchen, etc., also quarters for the staff. The principal is assisted by an efficient staff of instructors. The school is a strong factor in civilizing, educating and christianizing the Indian race and to prepare the children to take their places in the development of the great west.

ELKHORN NOTES.

There is a good representation of the various fraternal societies in the town.

The land in the district is especially suited for mixed farming. Men who are able and willing to labor, and understand their business, never make a failure.

Cattle do well on the wild grass, thriving in the open from May to November, and often later. Hay from the sloughs is put up, and makes excellent winter fodder.

There is a strong agricultural society in the district, and fairs are held every year, in which great interest is taken by the inhabitants generally.

The horse breeders' association is doing good work in improving the grade of horses.

The athletic association has good grounds, and is doing much good in encouraging out-door exercises and the development of muscles. The Elkhorn football team held the championship of Western Manitoba and Eastern Assiniboia for several years.

Those engaged in mixed farming pay considerable attention to the improvement of the cattle. The Short-horns are the favorite breeds.

The leading business men of the town declare that the district offers the best inducements to young men. Those who have capital and understand farming can make money rapidly. Those who have no capital in cash, but energy and determination, can secure employment and save up money to secure farms for themselves.

A. J. Swan, who came to the district from Minnesota in the spring of 1903, is making good progress, and prefers the climate of Manitoba to that of

Minnesota. He speaks very highly of the soil and is enthusiastic over his future prospects.

Charles A. Grant is another newcomer from Mecher county, Minnesota. He came here last spring and is well pleased with the land and the climate.

The frame buildings are gradually giving way to more substantial business blocks of brick, manufactured at various points in the province, from Western Ontario and British Columbia.

The majority of the illustrations of Elkhorn and district were prepared from photographs by Mr. J. G. MacDonald, of Moosomin, Assa.

The Elkhorn Advocate is a neat eight-page, seven-column weekly publication. It was established in 1892, and taken over by the present proprietor, W. J. Thompson, who is a progressive citizen and a painstaking editor, in the year 1897. The Advocate enjoys a liberal advertising patronage and has a good circulation.

Those who do not wish to purchase a farm without first testing the capabilities of the district will have a chance to rent a farm by consulting the real estate agents of Elkhorn.

whose advertisements appear in this issue.

With Dog and Gun.

When we were boys down on the farm

And life had just begun,
No sport could equal roaming 'round
Through woods and fields and fallow ground

With dog and gun.

At twenty odd, though maidens fair

Were waiting to be won,
We gave them only glances shy
And slipped off hillward on the sly
With dog and gun.

At middle age some sit and smoke

And look for all their fun
Around the club house fire. For mine,
I'll follow fox tracks through the pine
With dog and gun.

Then comes the age when, spite of all,
Our roving days are done;

We dream of happy hunting grounds
Thro' which we tramp, where game
abounds.

With dog and gun.

—Frank Farrington.

A WEAK PERSON



Who wears a Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt for a few days begins to feel the joys of youthful fire and courage in the veins, the strength which was lost in earlier days comes back, and those "come-and-go" pains in the back are driven out forever. Where it is used there are vigor, youthful ambitions, a light heart and freedom from worry and care. If you have lost your vitality, no matter how, get it back; feel young, look young, act young. Life is beautiful when you have health. Come to me, for I can give you back your strength.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

The grandest invention of the age for weak men; the surest and easiest cure for all nervous and chronic diseases. Its wonderful power is directed to the seat of the nervous system, through which its vitalizing strength penetrates into all parts of the body, carrying new life to every function which has been weakened by excesses or dissipation, restoring energy to the brain and power to the vital organs. No weak man, no sickly or delicate woman will ever regret a fair trial of the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt, which is nature's restorer of vitality. It will cure every case of Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Weak Stomach, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Lamé Back, Sciatica, Varicocele, Loss of Vitality, and all Weaknesses in Men and Women.

YOUNG MEN

men young in years, but aged in experience, aged in vitality, wan-featured, dull-eyed, slow-minded young men, young men who have in a few short years thrown away the precious vigor of youth, young men who have scarcely stepped upon the pinnacle of manhood and find that they have lost their right to stand upon it, young men who look back a few years and see themselves as they were, blooming into manhood, and now, as they are, at the age when manhood should be complete, the heart strong, the eye bright, they find the force of manhood gone; middle-aged men and old men, who realize that they have not the force of vitality that should be theirs—men of any age who are lacking in animal vitality—can be made new by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. It will not fail. It cannot fail, as it infuses into the weakened parts the force of life and strength—the force which is the origin of all vital power—Electricity.

OLD MEN

READ WHAT THE CURED SAY.

Perfectly Satisfied With Treatment.

Dr. McLaughlin:
Dear Sir,—I am writing a few lines to you so that you may know I am cured now. I would have written sooner, but waited a while. I knew I was getting better, and so now I am better, and I am thankful to you because you did your best. Yours very truly, WILLIAM KIPPLING, St. Peter's, Man.

Cured of Rheumatism.

Dr. McLaughlin:
Dear Sir,—I purchased a Belt from you about a year ago, and wore it for rheumatism, and am pleased to say that I have not been troubled with it since wearing your Belt. I cannot speak too highly of it. Yours very truly, S. ELLIOTT, Winnipeg, Man.

The confidence I have in the wonderful curative powers of my Belt allows me to offer any man or woman who can give me reasonable security the use of the Belt at my risk, and they can

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I send it, closely sealed, free.

Every weak person should read my beautifully illustrated book. It explains my treatment fully.

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